Saturday Review

July 9, 1966 35¢

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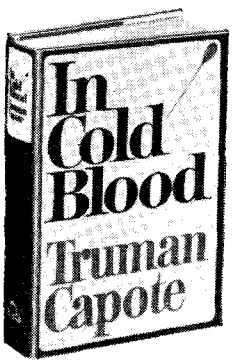

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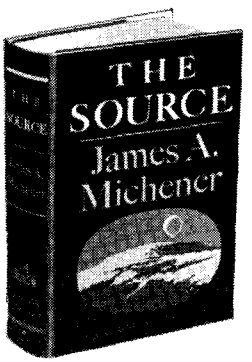

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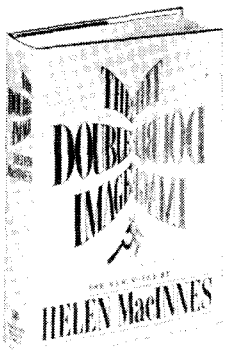

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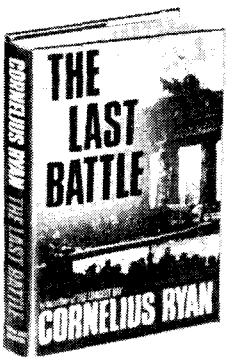

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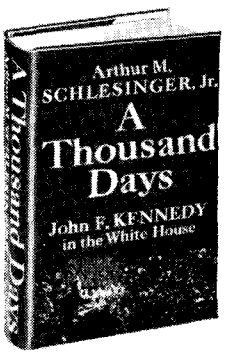

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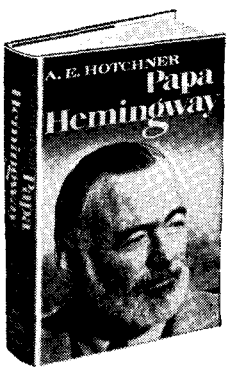

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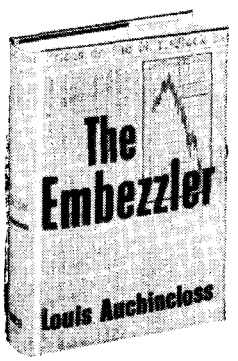

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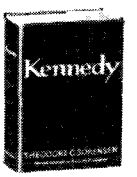

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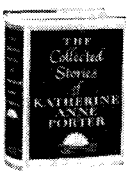

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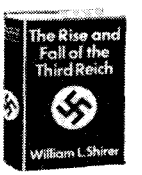

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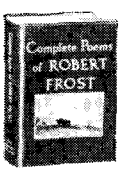

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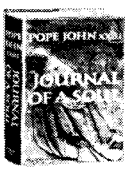

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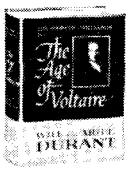

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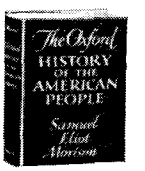

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W. Somerset Maugham was a youthful 54 when he published a collection of spy stories under the title *Ashenden*, in 1928. They were reissued successfully in 1941, and now Doubleday has brought them out once more in an edition that is both a memorial and an attractive, timely, sales-worthy volume—a combination that Maugham would have understood and approved.

The hero of these stories is an urbane playwright who, at the outbreak of the first World War, finds himself in the employ of British Intelligence and its leader, "R", an initial which could well have stood for "ruthless." It is noteworthy that Maugham himself was once in the employ of British Intelligence. Thus it was said that *Ashenden* was so closely based on real experiences and techniques that, years later, Goebbels ordered German agents to read it. (Before, presumably, they burned the book.)

Reviewers read *Ashenden* too, and approved (*Saturday Review's* original comment: "Remarkably well done . . . a breath-catcher"). But with this fiction, as with all of Mr. Maugham's, it was the approval of readers he cared about most. He will have that once more, for *Ashenden* is being offered by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Here and there, parts of the stories are slightly mannered, and some are a trifle gamey. Still, as one young editor said, they will appeal to the literate, as well as the hard-nosed.

Others of our editors, encountering these tales for the first time, have said that Mr. Maugham's man reminds them of the current anti-hero. I think it unlikely that the author would have regarded his hero as anti- or pro-heroism. He saw all his people as plus and minus, good, bad, indifferent, brave and scared—human, that is.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Ashenden: Or the British Agent ($4.95), by W. Somerset Maugham, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 436 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018.

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIX, No. 28, July 9, 1966. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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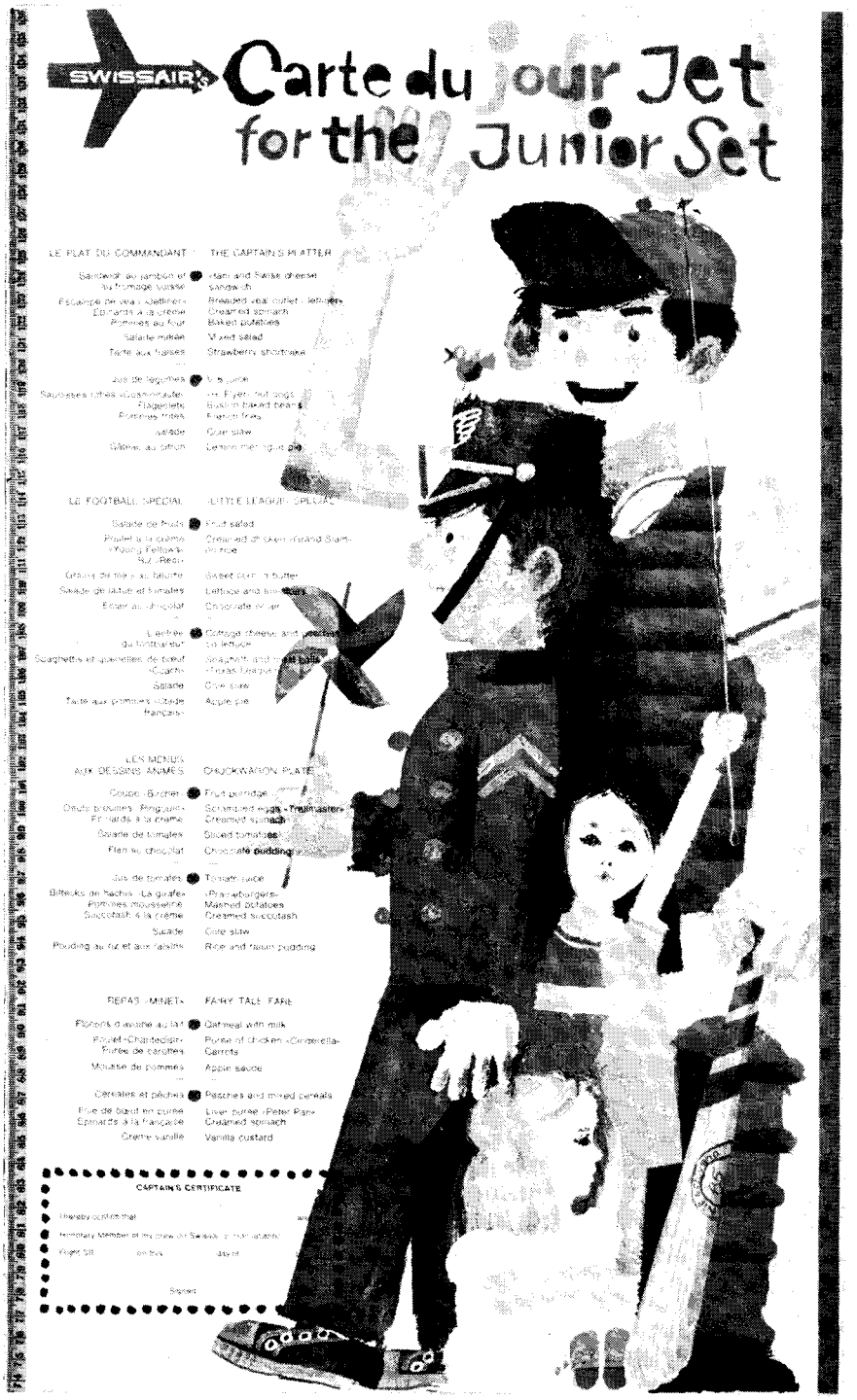

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Lyrics From a Lived-in Life

Garbo

I asked Greta Garbo
On a Sunday
How would she like
To dine on Monday
And she replied
"As this is Sunday
How do I know
I'll be hungry
Monday?"

—Howard Dietz.

Famous First Words

ONE of the sad results of our modern communications system has been the loss of the pithy, quotable statement by famous men.

"Oh, shucks," was Thomas Stafford's initial reaction to the delay of his Gemini 9 mission—and sure enough, some reporter was there to record it for posterity. No doubt, if Stafford had had some time, he could have come up with a statement akin to, "Don't fire 'till you see the rocket in the skies," or, "I only regret that I have but one life to send into outer space." But no. The mass media were too quick for him and his partner Cernan, who was quoted as saying, "Oh, no, oh no, oh no."

Consider what might have happened to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney if the conditions that now prevail had existed in the late eighteenth century. Pinckney, our ambassador to France at that time, occupies a niche in history primarily because of his indignant response to the demand of a bribe: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Well, I imagine his initial reaction was more like, "Uh, that's an awful lot of money," but, no television cameras or newsmen being in evidence, he could take the time to work up something more appropriate to the occasion. (Another tradition claims that Pinckney *really* said ". . . not a damned penny for tribute," but even that was probably only one of his rough drafts.)

Or think of John Paul Jones. In his famous battle in the *Bon Homme Richard* there were no reporters dogging him to jot down his oaths and mutterings as the battle progressed. No. Instead, everyone agreed afterward that Jones, pacing the decks of his battered ship, had shouted in response to the demand of the captain of the *Serapis* for surrender, "I have just begun to fight!" thereby enriching innumerable history textbooks.

When one considers the numbers of photographers, reporters, and political analysts who follow today's famous men, the present scarcity of memorable quotes is hardly surprising. One solution to this sorry situation might be a brief grace period after any newsworthy event, when reporters would stand at bay while ghost writers and press agents swarmed to the Important Figure's side. After a decent interval his spontaneous comment would be available. Then, no doubt, the air would again ring with the fighting phrases of yesteryear, and the historians could resume their noble work, secure in the knowledge that this era will be recorded as containing as much wit and rhetoric as previous ones.

—Nancy Moss.

Jammed Session

Not All That's Jazz

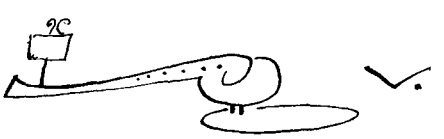
WHEN I listened to jazz in the old days, in New York and Chicago and Perth Amboy and Peculiar, Missouri, it was an open compact openly arrived at. There was a gin mill. There was a five-piece band, or a ten-piece band, or an upright piano (complete with upright piano player); there were girl singers who sang girl-singer songs, there were blues singers—male, female, indeterminate — who sometimes also played piano, guitar, or square-faced gin bottle.

They were in the joint, I came in the joint, and—here's the whole point—who were all these wonderful people prepared to sing, dance, and take a chance for?

For me, me, jazz-hungry, girl-hungry, ribs-hungry me.

I never had the feeling I was intruding on the private concerns of a lot of five-button cats who hated music and customers, in that order. I had the feeling that they were ready to lay down some fine music for love and money, in that order, and I was prepared to supply either or both.

It also never seemed to cause the management or the talent great pain that I sometimes brought a girl with me who liked jazz, or me, or both, and that I might spend part of my time during the evening paying attention to the girl instead of the music. I never had had any difficulty with the etymology of the word jazz. I knew it meant that before I knew it meant a kind of music, and so did all the people who blew the horns, or else it wouldn't have been the kind of marvelous music it is.



There used to be some laughs in the music, too. When you feel at home with jazz, once in a while a clarinet player can play a little slap-tongue, knowing it's corny but kind of fun, no self-conscious production, just what the hell, the way Bubber Miley could play wah-wah without being Clyde McCoy. Then there was the nicest laugh of all, which I don't see any more, when a couple of guys were jamming, and at the end of the other guy's chorus, there would be that little laugh from the listener, to show he had really heard. It was the biggest applause in the whole world, and I miss it.

We used to moan and groan at the bands on the stage in the presentation houses, in the days when they played symphonic arrangements of *St. Louis Blues*; we used to retch when a chiffon-handkerchief soprano used to sing blues the way a preacher tells a dirty joke. They were just in the wrong league, and so are these finger-busting piano players with the miserable left hands, and so are these girl-type girl singers who are so busy being in love with themselves on the stand while they sing any tempo but the right one, with bongos yet.

About the jazz that's being written about jazz, I know I cannot write without losing my temper.

About this whole schmier about whether it's Dixie or San Francisco or early Dearborn Street on the sunset side, come on, fellas. It swings or it doesn't, that's all you know and all you need to know.

Two quotes ought to clean up *that* situation, and where else did you ever get J. M. Barrie and Fats Waller in one paragraph? Barrie on charm, about if you've got it you don't need much else, and if you haven't got it, it doesn't matter much what else you've got. And Fats, whom you can't quote exactly even in this non-family-type magazine, about if jazz has to be explained to you, lady, don't mess with it.

But not to fuss. Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never jam today. Meanwhile, I've got Bob Scobey to keep me warm.

You keep going your way, I'll keep going my way, hipster stay 'way from my door, there's nobody in here but us moldy figs, ain't nobody gonna steal the latch on the gin-mill door, we can hold out forever, because we made us any number of pallets on the floor, and there's no hole in our bucket.

—Robert Paul Smith.

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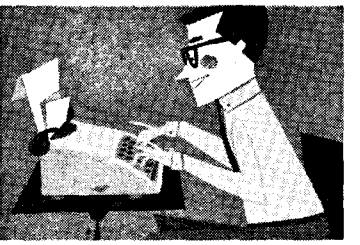
Top of My Head



The Summer of a Malcontent

EVERY SO SELDOM these summer evenings I turn on my TV set and play Russian roulette with the dial —a form of cultural suicide. I seek a breath of fresh air.

As I skip from channel to channel I have managed to pick up some memorabilia. For instance:

There was the unforgettable night of the Emmy Awards when Mr. Danny Kaye, in white tie and tails, announced that although he had been in TV but a short time, "I have found TV to be as exciting, as stimulating, and as creative as any other form of show business." Mr. Kaye must have had in mind ushering.

Then there was the newscast during which our President was heard addressing a group of legislators. He told the story of a lawyer who, he related, "won the case but his client was hung." Hanging, I suppose, was too good for him.

Also the interview with the sheriff down in good old Mississippi. He was asked the status of the prisoner he had arrested for shooting James Meredith. Said the sheriff: "He will be arranged next November." The prisoner is an ex-soldier who won several medals, including one for marksmanship. Next November the sheriff will arrange to take that one away from him.

But one Friday night I accidentally happened upon a new program. On Channel 2 was presented a show titled: *Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster Take an Affectionate Look at . . .* This is the first of a series of new summer programs. A warm and nostalgic hour of affection bestowed on the greats of entertainment.

The first week, through a series of carefully edited film clips and brief bits of narration and old family album snapshots, the two narrators profiled the beginnings and ultimate successes of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby.

The following Friday night their affection wandered to the slyest and slickest of all our comedians, Jack Benny, a paradigm of the art and skill that go into the molding of a definitive and durable character.

The technique, which is peculiar to Jack Benny, was demonstrated by Wayne and Shuster by stopping portions of some of Mr. Benny's earlier filmed programs to show his gift of garnering laughs. In a five-minute segment of hilarity, Mr. Benny's supporting players spoke all the humorous lines and yet Mr. Benny's reactions got all the laughs. This is the paradox of the man. The penurious, close-fisted character that he asks his audience to believe he is, lavishes copiously on his fellow workers the comedic output of his writers.

The following week we were treated to W. C. Fields. The Marx Brothers, George Burns, and Abbott and Costello are among others to follow. How this special program came into the summer of our discontent is anyone's guess. Probably a clerical error.

We hope this one oasis in the vast you-know-what of TV augurs well for the coming season. From the flotsam appearing in the trade papers it would seem the aridity has been dispelled. And that goes for the jetsam too. The most glowing plans have been made for us. For instance:

TV Guide reveals that beginning in November, NBC's daytime *Concentration* program will be broadcast in color . . . .CBS announces that Vikki Carr will do at least three guest shots on Danny Kaye's program next season. . . . ABC announces that outdoor scenes for its new series, *Them Monroes*, are being filmed at Grand Teton National Park. . . . Jo Van Fleet will star in the first episode of *The Virginian* next fall. . . . NBC is preparing an hour special on the marriage of the President's daughter Luci. Which is the first time *I Love Luci* will be shown on NBC.

Variety asks: "Is CBS Mulling Its Own Version of Carson Show?" It also states: "NBC Yens 'Peanuts,'" referring to the wonderful cartoon strip that, this season, has been shown on CBS. And between all this mulling and yenning, ABC comes up with the answer to the whole thing. It announces that come late September it will pre-empt the entire evening's programing to show *The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

What a season ahead! I'm through crying out for better programing. Sometimes I get the feeling I'm like Dr. Gillespie on the hospital set of the Dr. Kildare show, and one of the bit players has suffered a heart attack and Raymond Massey, surrounded by white-coated interns and white-capped nurses, rises and cries out: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

—GOODMAN ACE.

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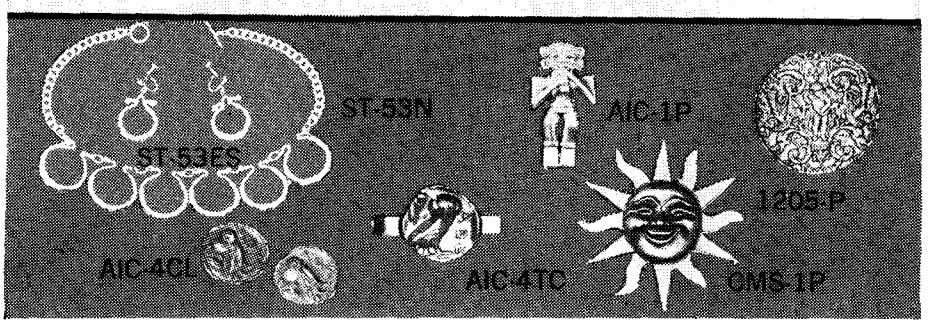

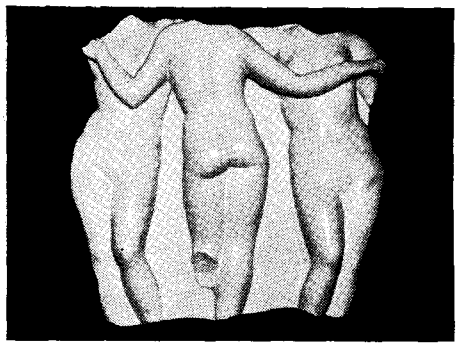

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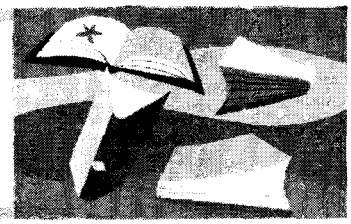

Jerome Beatty's reference here on May 7 to a booklet on China, presented to him by the Pentagon in 1944, prompted me to unearth my old copies of the Pocket Guides (to Greece, Korea, Germany, etc.) distributed to members of the American armed forces sent abroad for military and other duty. These pocket-size, superbly written booklets are still the most concise and delightful travel guides I've ever read about foreign countries and their peoples. Issued by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, the prices of my copies ranged from 20 cents to $1.50. Most are still available.

Something else worth noting: The *Literary Guild Newsletter,* edited by Gene Shalit. Nice gossip about the book trade.

Gossip reminds me: As soon as Clare Booth Luce agreed to do a monthly column for *McCall's* it seemed the part of courtesy and wisdom to break the news to Eleanor Roosevelt personally before she heard it from an outside source. The *McCall's* staff had engaged Mrs. Luce in the belief that the magazine needed a conservative point of view to balance Mrs. Roosevelt's. We anticipated

that the two ladies would be battering each other to pieces in every issue, and their columns would develop high readership and much newspaper publicity.

We met for tea at the home of Nannine Joseph, Mrs. Roosevelt's literary agent. "Clare?" Mrs. Roosevelt said. "I'm very happy about it. She is a remarkable woman and I'm exceedingly fond of her."

The affection, unfortunately for the magazine, was reciprocated. As a matter of fact, in her very first column Mrs. Luce recommended that the United States have *two* Vice Presidents, one of whom always would be a woman. As her first choice she nominated Mrs. Roosevelt.

When Mrs. Roosevelt and I left Nannine's at five o'clock, a terrific rainstorm struck the city, and I urged Mrs. Roosevelt to remain in the lobby of the building while I tried to fetch us a cab. "You'll never get one at this hour and in this weather," she said, "and I don't mind getting a little wet. Let's both of us go out and stand at the curb, and pretty soon somebody will come along and recognize me and offer us a lift." Which, within a minute, is what happened.

Few of the novels on current best-seller lists are by people who have acquired any prior reputation for authorship. William Lyon Phelps, were he alive, would have some pungent comment about this.

One evening, dining at the Plaza before Billy was to take off for a lecture at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I asked him what he would talk about. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think I have a beginning. I'll tell the students that in England, a country approximately the size of the state of Michigan, there were living and writing at about the same time such a group of literary men as the world has rarely known."

Then he rattled off the names of Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Max Beerbohm, Kenneth Grahame, Arthur Wing Pinero, Hall Caine, George Moore, Ford Madox Ford, Arthur Conan Doyle, George Bernard Shaw, A. A. Milne, John Galsworthy, W. Somerset Maugham, Israel Zangwill, James M. Barrie, John Masefield, Quiller-Couch, James Stephens, William De Morgan, George Gissing, W. H. Hudson, Walter de la Mare, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, G. K. Chesterton, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells.

"They're not really all English," I suggested. "For example, Shaw, and Conrad, and Moore—."

"English enough," he said, "and don't spoil my speech."

Astrology, anybody? In the summer of 1948, while keeping an editorial eye on *Cosmopolitan*, I asked John O'Connell, one of my associates, to talk with Myra Kingsley about casting the horoscope of Thomas E. Dewey. For her regular fee, Miss Kingsley agreed.

When the horoscope was submitted, it stated plainly that Mr. Dewey would be defeated in his campaign to be President. O'Connell and I were shattered. The

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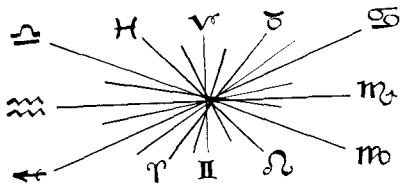
feature was scheduled for the October issue. If published as presented, the horoscope would have made us, as well as Miss Kingsley, ridiculous figures. Harry Truman was a dead duck, Dewey was a shoo-in, every poll showed it, everybody knew it.

So at my request, O'Connell talked firmly with Miss Kingsley, suggested that perhaps the signs of the zodiac had got out of whack and would have to be re-examined. Miss Kingsley re-examined. "Thus the years 1948-1949 are destiny-laden for Thomas E. Dewey," Miss Kingsley declared in her revised version,



"and replete with happy portents. They are valuable enough to make him a popular President and will smooth out any difficulties with Congress or among members of his cabinet."

And that's what we published, a month before the election. Bright fellows, these editors.

Speaking of *Cosmopolitan*: A. E. Hotchner was a member of the editorial staff at the time I was in charge, and I had assigned him to the Hemingway book project which turned out to be *Across the River and Into the Trees.* In his interesting and successful *Papa Hemingway,* Hotchner tells the story of that venture. It makes good reading, but happens not to be true. Indeed, Hotchner's handling of the project for *Cosmopolitan* was so unfortunate that, in February 1950, the very month we published the first installment of *Across the River*, it became necessary to ask for Hotchner's resignation.

Referring back to the first paragraph: Has anybody ever written the story of the Writers' War Board? What a magnificent job those men and women did. Kip Fadiman could do a book about it. I'd buy a copy. Anybody else?

—Herbert R. Mayes.

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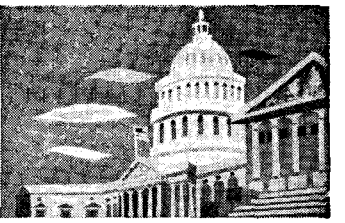
State of Affairs



A New China Policy

WHEN REVOLUTIONS reach important crossroads the world watches anxiously. And so it does now as public charges of counter-revolution and secret plots are flung about in Peking and an open purge is in progress. American China experts admit they were unaware of this internal upheaval until it became public knowledge; but they assume it began when Mao Tse-tung last year disappeared from public view—which some may have prematurely taken as the crucial moment to prepare their "take-over" bid in the struggle for succession. But with Mao's re-emergence he seems to have succeeded in rallying his own forces, and he and his followers are now striking back at the conspirators.

These upheavals in China, if nothing else, prove once again that revolutions, even under a ruthless dictatorship, do not stand idle. And so some months ago President Johnson reached the conclusion that American policy in China needed a fresh approach, that it had been inflexible for too long and was bringing in diminishing returns.

It was in 1961 that this need for a new look first was conveyed to President Kennedy by Mr. Rusk. At the time he suggested that the United States adopt the so-called "two-Chinas" policy in the United Nations, with a resolution paving the way for admission of Communist China, but at the same time making certain that Nationalist China would retain its seat as such, or simply as representing Taiwan. President Kennedy listened to Rusk's ideas then, and again when they were repeated some months later, without comment. However, when Harold Macmillan, then British Prime Minister, visited Washington shortly afterward and asked him whether the time hadn't arrived for the U.S. to think seriously about a two-China policy, Kennedy answered that for domestic political reasons he couldn't at that stage afford to adopt the formula.

There is now a growing feeling both in and outside the U.S. Government that while no great changes in United States-Chinese relations can be expected for some time—the internal upheaval may in fact make it even more difficult for the Chinese to be receptive to American overtures or less adamant about the war in Vietnam—a show of some flexibility would serve American interests round the world better than the rigidity of the past.

It is for these reasons that travel for correspondents, scholars, and scientists to China has been eased; that, at the recent informal meeting in Warsaw between the American and Chinese Ambassadors, the United States took the initiative in bringing up Chou En-lai's suggestion for an agreement against the use of nuclear weapons; that Ambassador Goldberg is now openly advocating a "two-Chinas" policy. There was, in fact, quite a backstage fight within the Administration over whether the United States ought to be the first in committing itself not to use nuclear weapons, particularly in view of the dictum that America may have to resort to nuclear weapons in self-defense against the massive use of ground troops—which both the Soviet Union and the Chinese have in ample supply. The United States thus offered something to the Chinese it has so far refused to offer to the Soviet Union. The controversy was resolved by limiting the nuclear ban to Chinese troops inside China, but it would explicitly not hold were Chinese troops involved in fighting outside China's borders.

Ironically, in the days of John Foster Dulles it was the United States which argued at these Warsaw exchanges that there could be no agreement on such minor issues as visas for newspaper correspondents unless Peking agreed to basic principles—such as a commitment against the use of force to settle the dispute over Taiwan. Now the boot is on the other leg: the United States is perfectly willing to agree to "small steps," to lesser agreements such as cultural exchanges, while the Chinese are firmly opposed to any minor concessions unless and until the United States accepts the fundamental principle that Taiwan is part of Communist China.

There are indications, however, that this new American flexibility on less urgent matters has already had a salutary effect in both Asia and Africa.

While a "two-Chinas" policy would not necessarily bring the United States and China any closer, nor advance Communist China's membership in the United Nations, there is a growing concern now in the State Department that unless separate membership for Taiwan can be established it will soon be too late—if it isn't already. The United States, therefore, instead of using all its lobbying strength to keep Communist China out, may have to concentrate more and more on keeping Nationalist China in.

AMERICAN experts on China, meanwhile, are convinced that Peking will only negotiate with the United States when it has acquired the status symbols of a Great Power: hydrogen bombs, medium and long-range missiles equipped with nuclear warheads, and a modern air force. It is expected that the Chinese will have their own medium-range ballistic missiles in two to three years. They are also known to be making much progress in building their own supersonic fighter planes: more and more will they take on the panoply of a great power.

The wide-ranging review of American policy in China which has been going on for months, and is now completed, supports the pleas of one kind and another from those in and outside the Administration for limited moves to ease tension between Washington and Peking. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, for instance, in his brilliant speech in Montreal recently, said: "Breaching the isolation of great nations like Red China, even when that isolation is largely of its own making, reduces the danger of potentially catastrophic misunderstandings. . . ." Even so, the Administration forces do not foresee any basic change in Sino-American relations. They assume, rather, that there will be a continued, even growing, need for a containment policy, with the likelihood that American and Soviet aims will become increasingly parallel in their mutual desire to keep China at bay.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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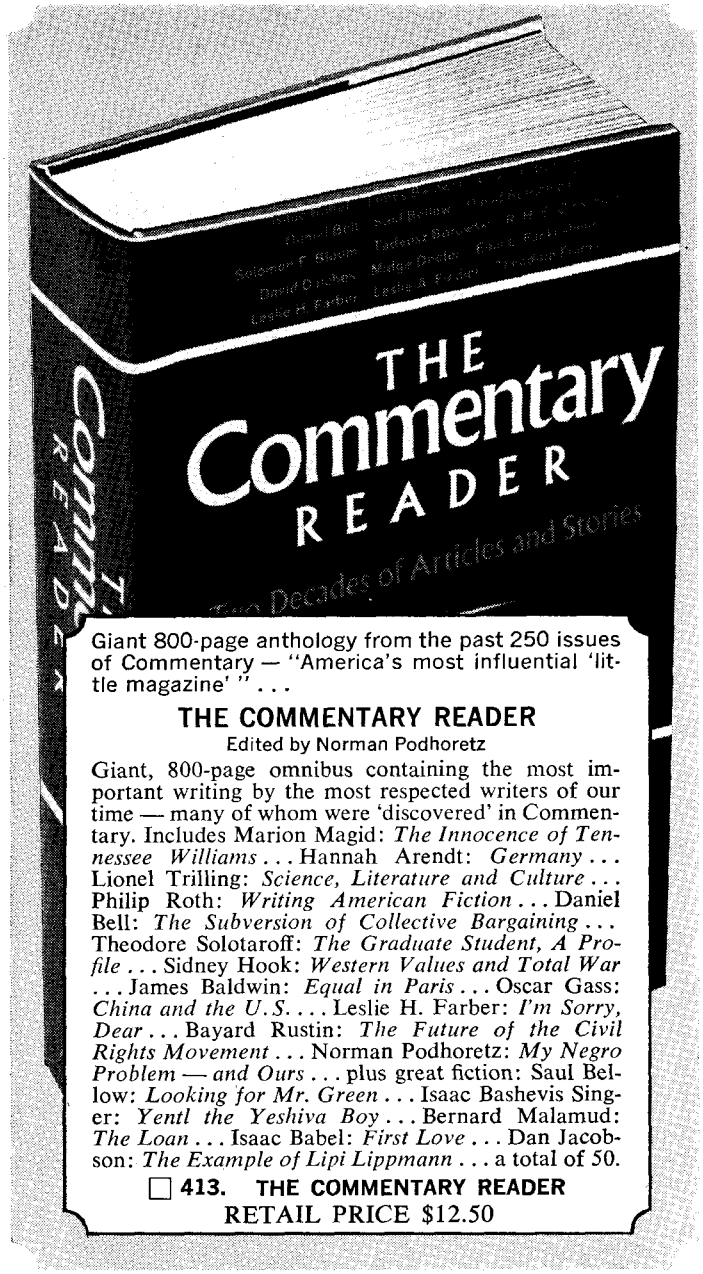

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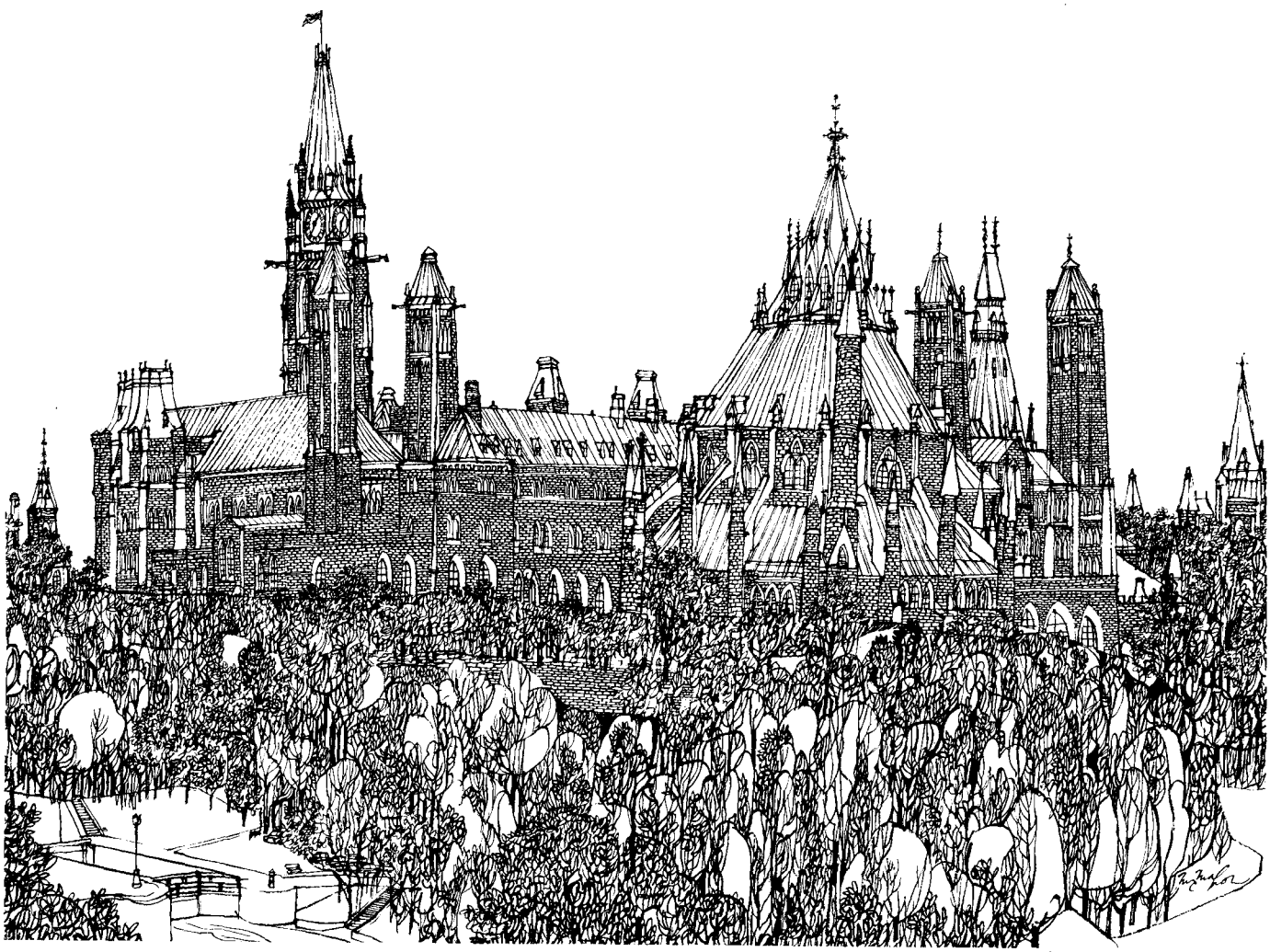

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Saturday Review
July 9, 1966

The U.S.: Supplier of Weapons to the World

How our foreign policy is being undermined by $35 billion worth of armaments exports—while industry and the Pentagon lobby for even larger shipments.

By EUGENE J. McCARTHY, *United States Senator, Minnesota.*

> In the Thirties, companies that sold weapons to foreign nations were called "Merchants of Death." Politicians reviled them. They were the subject of a sensational Senate investigation headed by former Republican Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota.
>
> Times have changed. The U.S. Government is now encouraging defense manufacturers to sell arms overseas.
>
> —*Forbes* Magazine

OVER THE PAST fifteen years, the United States has given or sold to other countries some $35 billion worth of military assistance as part of our foreign aid. The major share of Defense Department arms supplied under our military assistance program has gone to industrialized countries in Europe and the Far East.

We have provided arms, equipment, and training to countries who are allied or associated with us through treaties—NATO, SEATO, CENTO, ANZUS—which are the legacy of the early years of the containment policy and of the John Foster Dulles era. In addition, we have provided military aid to a wide range of countries in such categories as: "forward defense" areas, including the Republic of China (Taiwan), Iran, Philippines, South Korea, Greece, and Turkey (the last two countries are also allied to us through NATO); countries that have given us military base rights such as Ethiopia, Libya, Spain and our NATO ally Portugal; "Alliance for Progress Security" countries—virtually every country in Latin America; and some twenty-three countries in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East that are regarded as having "free world orientation."

Our interest and concern over the threat of nuclear proliferation should not distract us from giving careful attention to what may be an even more serious threat to peace—the proliferation and distribution of non-nuclear weapons. Supplying non-nuclear arms has become a major activity—not only for the modern merchants of death or for illegal gunrunners, but for the governments of the major industrial countries.

France, long a major supplier of arms to the Middle East, is reported to be exporting nearly 40 per cent of its total aerospace production. The Soviet Union is also a major supplier of arms. Great Britain is actively engaged in the arms competition. But today the United States is the world's leading producer and supplier of arms.

In recent years, sales of arms have been taking the place of grants and gifts in U.S. military assistance programs. In 1950, the fourteen countries that obtained U.S. arms and military training all received these on a grant basis. In 1966, of the seventy countries that received any combination of grant aid, direct sales or credit assistance for arms, sixty-two were receiving grant aid, thirty-four were buying arms directly, and eighteen were the beneficiaries of credit assistance.

The principal purpose of most military aid, whether it be in the form of grants or sales, is, of course, to strengthen recipient countries against Communist aggression and subversion.

Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 20, 1966, stated:

> The governing principle of our military assistance program has been and is that the vital interests of the United States and the defense of the Free World are dependent upon the strength of the entire Free World and not merely upon the strength of the United States.

Over the past decade, however, intergovernmental trade in arms with the developing countries has involved more complex motivations and considerations. Several pressures have combined to increase the arms supply.

First, newly independent countries are frequently anxious to acquire arms for prestige purposes. Lions on golden chains no longer satisfy. To many nations, these arms are status symbols—the tangible manifestation of their nationhood and newly acquired sovereignty.

SECOND, supplying arms opens the way to influence on the military and also on the political policies of the recipient countries. Experience has demonstrated that when an arms deal is concluded, the military hardware is only the first step. Almost invariably, a training mission is needed and the recipient country becomes dependent on the supplier for spare parts and other ordnance.

Since the Cuban missile crisis, there has been an increasing inclination on the part of both the United States and the U.S.S.R. to compete in supplying military assistance in areas adjacent to the sphere of influence of the other power. Thus, we tend to concentrate our military assistance to developing areas in those countries, such as Iran and Pakistan, which are on the "forward-defense arc" that borders the Communist heartland. Almost three-fourths of the program proposed for 1967 is for countries adjacent to the borders of the U.S.S.R. and Communist China.

The importance of influence on the

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military can be seen in Africa. Of the five nations of sub-Saharan Africa where military governments have come to power in recent months, only one, apparently, the Central African Republic, has *not* been the recipient of U.S. military assistance. The other four—Congo (Leopoldville), Dahomey, Nigeria, and Upper Volta—have all received at least minimal amounts of military aid. Indonesia, where military elements appear to have taken *de facto* control of the government in the wake of the recent turmoil, received, in addition to Soviet military assistance, nearly $64,000,000 in military-grant aid from the United States between 1959 and 1965. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, tries to increase its influence by assistance to, for example, Cuba, close to our shores.

THE third reason for increasing arms sales, and a relatively new one for the United States, is financial and budgetary. Our balance of payments deficit is, in large measure, the result of military expenditures overseas—money that leaves the United States to support our military forces abroad, in Europe, and, particularly now, in Vietnam. The Vietnam war effort is costing the United States some $16 billion this year. By encouraging other countries to buy arms from us, we can offset to some extent the outflow resulting from these programs. Now, for instance, the Pentagon reportedly is "encouraging" additional purchases of U.S. arms by Germany by threatening transfer of U.S. troops from Europe to Vietnam.

Secretary of Defense McNamara proudly describes the efforts of his department in the arms sales field. In May 1965 he presented the Meritorious Civilian Service Medal to Henry J. Kuss, Jr., Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Logistics Negotiations, the Pentagon's top arms salesman. The record of Mr. Kuss and his salesmen—"negotiators," the Pentagon calls them—is impressive. Military export sales since mid-1961 total more than $9 billion, from which U.S. industry will realize a profit of nearly $1 billion. For this achievement, the Pentagon credits "the intensive sales effort undertaken . . . in cooperation with U.S. industry."

Forbes magazine recently stated:

> Arms and military equipment are one of the U.S.' major export items. Without them, few defense companies would be earning the kind of money they do.

Secretary McNamara cites the "obvious balance of payments benefits" of the arms sales program, noting that the U.S. defense expenditures and receipts entering the balance of payments in fiscal 1961 left a net adverse balance of nearly $2.8 billion. By 1965, the net deficit had been reduced to just over $1.4 billion, in spite of rising defense expenditures in Southeast Asia. Arms sales by the Pentagon increased from about $300 million in 1961 to more than $1.3 billion in 1965; 1967 receipts are expected to exceed $1.5 billion.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk has stated that his department is in "very close touch with the Defense Department on the sale of arms." The State Department's Office of Munitions Control coordinates arms sales by issuing or denying applications for the export or import of all articles on the United States Munitions List. Export licenses for Munitions List items are denied for areas under Communist control. But the State Department approves the shipment of arms to other states to meet what are considered to be legitimate defense needs and the requirements of internal security.

SECRETARY McNamara appears to believe that there is no reasonable alternative to intensified sales of U.S. weapons and, with the traditional rationalization of arms salesmen through history, states that if nations cannot buy them from us they will buy them elsewhere—from Britain, France or the Soviet Union, at higher prices.

But what is the effect of this policy?

The outbreak of war between India and Pakistan is a prime example which was of great concern to this country. Pakistan, which has recently been receiving military assistance from Communist China, is formally allied to us through the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and is reported to have received from $1.5 to $2 billion in military assistance in the last decade. India, the largest democratic nation in the world, refused United States military aid until its borders were attacked, but it had been receiving arms from England. When it became clear that United States-supplied weapons were being used in the Indo-Pakistani war, many Americans must have wondered how our government could have allowed itself to become caught in such a contradiction. Nor was it any comfort when John Kenneth Galbraith, former Ambassador to India, stated before the Foreign Relations Committee on April 25, 1966:

> The arms we supplied . . .caused the war between India and Pakistan . . . If we had not supplied arms, Pakistan would not have sought a military solution [to the Kashmir dispute].

Also of growing concern in the past several months has been the spiraling arms build-up in the Middle East, where tensions among the Arab states and between the Arab states and Israel have long threatened to explode.

Between 1950 and 1965, we supplied relatively small amounts of grant military

"With me, Miriam, you're always camp."

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assistance to the area: to Iraq $46,500,000, to Jordan $33,000,000, to Saudi Arabia $31,000,000. Now, however, Saudi Arabia is buying $400,000,000 worth of British supersonic jet fighters and U.S. Hawk missiles. Jordan has received U.S. tanks, and on April 2 the State Department announced that the United States had agreed to sell Jordan "a limited number" of supersonic fighter-bombers, reportedly Lockheed F-104s. It is not clear how Jordan, which has an annual per capita G.N.P. of $233 and which has been dependent on U.S. military grants and economic aid, will pay for these planes, which cost some $2,000,000 apiece. The availability of U.S. credit for arms purchases is undoubtedly an important factor.

(The State Department has been under special pressure in the case of Jordan because of our sale to Israel of weapons that had previously been promised by Germany under an arms deal cancelled last year.)

Secretary Rusk on January 28, 1966, stated, "We have tried over the years . . . not to stimulate and promote the arms race in the Near East and not to encourage it by our direct participation." But it is difficult to reconcile the State Department's policy of refraining from becoming a major supplier of arms with the aggressive arms sales program conducted by the Pentagon.

The United States appears to be abandoning its traditional policy of non-involvement in the Middle East arms competitions in favor of trying to maintain an arms "balance" in the interest of political and military stability. But it is difficult to believe that the increasing supplies of sophisticated weapons in the area will contribute to the maintenance of peace or the reduction of tensions.

Tensions between Latin American states are not high at present, but our military assistance through grant aid or sales to some countries appears to be increasing, with Argentina agreeing several months ago to buy fifty jet attack planes from the Douglas Aircraft Company. At the same time, the Chileans are attempting to buy planes from us for defense against Argentina.

One may well question the desirability of strengthening military elements in countries that are, to a greater or lesser extent, trying to move away from a tradition of dominant influence of the military on political affairs, and endeavoring to develop democratic societies dedicated to freedom and social progress.

Among President Johnson's recent proposals to the Disarmament Conference meeting in Geneva is a suggestion that "countries, on a regional basis, explore ways to limit competition among themselves for costly weapons often sought for reasons of illusory prestige." On April 19, 1966, the U.S. delegate to the Disarmament Conference elaborated further the principles by which nations might undertake, on a regional basis, to limit conventional arms. If such regional arrangements could be concluded, potential suppliers should pledge to respect them and not deliver arms to the area.

But the Defense Department's guidelines for its arms salesmen give little encouragement to those who would favor restraint. Its pamphlet, *Information and Guidance on Military Assistance*, states:

> The Department of Defense has embarked on an intensified military assistance sales program. . . .
>
> Achievement of . . . objectives calls for a very substantial increase over past sales levels. Success in this endeavor will be dependent in large measure upon effective sales promotion. The DOD has taken several steps to assist in the successful conclusion of military sales. . . . Foreign customer preference for U.S. material is being generated by developing an appreciation of its technical superiority, price, availability, and the offer of follow-on support through U.S. logistics systems.
>
> In many cases, credit arrangements may be made to facilitate military sales, on short or long term basis as needed.

It seems to be a case of the left hand of the government trying to control what the right hand is busily promoting.

Former Ambassador Galbraith has stated:

> The policy of arming the indigent . . . has long since acquired a momentum of its own. It owes its existence partly to habit, partly to vested bureaucratic interest, partly to the natural desire to avoid thought and partly because to stop doing what is wrong is to confess past error.

He suggests limiting arms aid to countries that have an annual per capita income of more than $200, except by specific Presidential determination.

At a minimum, one would hope for some rationalization of the United States policy on arms sales. There is evidence that the Soviet Union might welcome an opportunity to disengage from arms competitions, at least in the Middle East. The United States should pursue any such possibility and, at the same time, use its influence to persuade other major suppliers to agree to some form of conventional arms moratorium. Such a moratorium would be a further step in the direction of the general disarmament and nuclear weapons control which most of mankind so earnestly desires.

Weapons Sales Abroad, 1962-65

(Defense Department Estimates)

Company	Sales
General Dynamics	
F-111A aircraft	$1,072,000,000
Tartar missiles	$ 34,400,000
Total	$1,106,400,000
Lockheed	
P-3A aircraft	$ 23,500,000
F-104 aircraft	$ 527,100,000
C-130 aircraft	$ 409,300,000
Total	$ 959,900,000
McDonnell Aircraft	
F-4 aircraft	$ 703,000,000
Lockheed-General Dynamics (joint venture)	
Polaris missile system	$ 427,600,000
Bath Iron Works-Defoe Shipbuilding (joint venture)	
Guided missile destroyer (DDG)	$ 277,600,000
Martin Marietta	
Pershing missile system	$ 253,100,000
Raytheon	
Hawk missile system	$231,800,000
FMC	
Armored personnel carrier, M-113	$166,800,000
Chrysler	
Tank, 105mm gun, M60A1	$154,200,000
Sperry Rand	
Sergeant missile system	$149,700,000
Ling-Temco-Vought	
F-8E aircraft	$ 66,000,000
General Motors	
Howitzer, 155mm, M-109	$ 56,500,000
Boeing	
C-135F aircraft	$ 53,000,000
Pacific Car & Foundry	
Gun, 175mm, M-107	$ 38,600,000
Grumman	
S-2E aircraft	$ 23,300,000

—*Forbes Magazine.*

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A DAY WITH PABLO NERUDA

Sketch of Pablo Neruda by William Negron.

By SELDEN RODMAN

SINCE THE DEATHS of Federico García Lorca and César Vallejo, Pablo Neruda of Chile has been the most widely accepted poet in Latin America. In Spain before Franco, it was this triumvirate of poets, close friends, who set Spanish poetry on its revolutionary course.

As consul, lecturer, and political firebrand, Neruda has been hailed on every continent. His verse has been translated into twenty-four languages, including Esperanto, and since World War II he has ranged freely, from Peking to Bangkok, Bombay, Istanbul, and other capitals, including those of Europe and Latin America, receiving decorations – and brickbats for his Communist-line pronouncements. To many people, the notoriety of his service in the Chilean Senate (from which he was almost immediately forced to seek safety in exile), his close friendships with David Alfaro Siqueiros and Juan Arévalo, and his acceptance in 1953 of the Lenin Peace Prize, weigh as heavily as the praise his poetry has received from such as Picasso and Lorca, Eluard and Louis Aragon, Stephen Spender and Archibald MacLeish. But Neruda is a poet whose greatness is accepted by the society in which he lives, who is sure of himself as an artist and as a man, and who still, at sixty-one, pours out poems, topical or introspective, as unselfconsciously as a troubadour.

Last March, I visited Neruda at his home in Santiago, where I had the opportunity to observe the dual phenomenon of his fame and his naturalness. But to understand Neruda, the man, one must first know something of his poetry and the way it grew.

Pablo Neruda, known to knowledgeable citizens of the United States as a pronounced anti-American, is acclaimed throughout the Spanish-speaking world as its most esteemed poet. His most recent visit to this country was in connection with the international P.E.N. Congress [*SR*, June 4]. *The Selected Poems of Pablo Neruda*, translated and edited by Ben Belitt (Grove Press, 1961), is the most recent American translation of his work. His poetry also appears in Selden Rodman's *100 Modern Poems* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy 1949). Mr. Rodman's most recent book, *The Road to Panama*, with illustrations by William Negron, was published in April.

He published his first book in 1923. In Chile he was accepted at once as an original. But it wasn't until the publication of the first two volumes of *Residencia en la tierra* (1931, 1935) that he began to be read throughout the Spanish-speaking world. With his visit to Spain during the Civil War, and the publication of *España en el corazón* in 1937, Neruda's early period may be said to have closed, and he emerged in another manifestation—as the controversial political figure he still is.

The early poetry is symbolist, highly personal, ecstatic to the verge of incoherence. It was already provocative enough to dominate Dudley Fitts's *An Anthology of Contemporary Latin-American Poetry*, published here by New Directions in 1942, and two of the poems, translated by Angel Flores and by Fitts himself, are characteristic of the young poet's "beat"-like rebelliousness:

> . . . It so happens I am tired of my feet and my nails.
> and my hair and my shadow.
> It so happens I am tired of being a man.
> Yet it would be delicious to frighten a notary with a cut lily or do a nun to death with a box on the ear.
> It would be fine to go through the streets with a green knife, letting out yells until I died of cold.

Ginsberg himself might have written the following paragraph out of "Liturgy of My Legs," in which Neruda celebrates whimsically "the best part of my body":

> People go through the world, as things are now,
> scarcely remembering that they own bodies and live in them
> and there is fear in the world, there is fear of the words that designate the body,
> and clothing is discussed favorably;
> it is possible to speak of trousers, of suits,
> and of women's underclothes (of stockings and garters for 'Madame'),
> as though garments and suits walked through the streets completely empty
> and a dark obscene clothes-closet had taken over the world.

But in the fine poem "Death Alone," translated by Flores, there is a peroration prophetic of things to come:

> Death is in the foldings cots;
> in the slow mattresses, in the black blankets
> it lives supine, and suddenly it blows:
> it blows a dismal sound that swells up the sheets;
> and the beds go sailing toward a port
> where death is waiting, dressed like an admiral.

In the poems written between World War II and the present, Neruda greatly increased his range. *Canto General*, taking up 400 pages in the most recent collected edition, is a series of hymns to Latin America, its origins and its geography, its heroes and villains. The twenty-five-page, Whitmanesque *Yo Soy* (I Am), with which the sprawling epic concludes, locks creation quite convincingly in the voice of the creator-poet. Here is egotism without vanity, compassion without sentimentality.

The three books of *Odas Elementales* (another staggering 400 pages of dithyramb) seem to be only an episode in Neruda's love-affair with his native Chile. Extending out into the world, his embrace hereafter seems to have no limits, yet it always escapes abstraction through Neruda's astonishing capacity to renew himself at the sources of his being:

> . . . and I am called Pablo,
> the same self so far;
> I have love, I have doubts,
> I have debts,
> I have the whole vast sea with servants moving wave upon wave,
> I am so impatient that I visit countries not yet founded:
> I come and go by the sea and its countries,
> I know
> the language of the fishbone,

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the tooth of the rough fish,
coldness of latitudes,
the blood of coral, the silent
night of the whale,
for from country to country I went
exploring
estuaries, insufferable regions,
and always I came back, I found no
peace:
what could I ever say without my
roots?

Alastair Reid, who has translated this and other Neruda poems miraculously, says that Neruda "has always been not so much looking for a new style as discarding his previous one like a worn lizard-skin. For this reason everyone has his own Neruda; and for this reason his work has provoked the whole gamut of criticism, from hatred to idolatry." That Neruda is *read* (possibly more read than any other poet in the world today, because of the number of languages into which his books have been translated) no one can deny. The second edition of the *Obras Completas* is printed on India paper and runs to 1,922 pages. Excerpts from its index give some idea of Neruda's preoccupations:

Abisinia . . . Afrodita . . . Anaconda Copper . . . Babbitts . . . Bohemia . . . Coca-Cola . . . Chile [142 references] . . . Hearst . . . Heidegger . . . Hiroshima . . . Jockey Club . . . Machu Pichu . . . Norman Mailer . . . Mao Tse-tung . . . *Newsweek* . . . Partido Comunista . . . Picasso . . . Praxiteles . . . Rabelais . . . Rolls (Royce) . . . Stalingrado . . . Stork Club . . . Tolstoy . . . Tres Mosqueteros . . . United Fruit Company . . . Villon . . . Waldorf-Astoria . . . Zapata

By those who deplore his physicality, his mingling of sweat and polemics with the sublime, Neruda has been called "a great, bad poet." To those whose teeth are set on edge, seeing today's headlines scrambled with yesterday's heroics, he is simply "corrupt." Poetry, he has said himself, "is as impure as old clothes."

No sooner had I arrived at the Santiago airport (four hours late) than I got an immediate sense of how pervasive was Neruda's fame—and how little it had damaged him. I had been traveling for months in Peru. Finally there had come the chance to diverge 3,000 miles into Chile for this meeting, but there were only twenty-four hours in which to savor it. William Negron, who had been making drawings of Peru, was with me. We had sent a note to Neruda, whom we'd never met, and hoped for the best. There was a big crowd at the terminal, and the *Lanchile* hostess, seeing our bewilderment, asked us whom we were looking for. When we told her, she laughed. "Everybody knows Don Pablo . . . there he is," she said, and she led us to a stocky figure in a checked suit under a snap-brim fedora.

Neruda, who had spent most of the day meeting planes we had missed, shook hands amiably, gave the delighted hostess an *abrazo*, and drove us to a discothèque which he had never visited before, but where the best folk-singers in Chile were reputed to be holding forth. The girl at the door also recognized him, but he cautioned her against any demonstration as we sneaked in and took seats at the back of the smoke-filled *boîte*. There had been yet another recognition scene on the way to "La Peña de las Parras," when the poet's wife, at the wheel of their Opel, had made a wrong turn into a one-way street and been stopped by a policeman. The surprised officer at once found himself being congratulated by the former Communist Senator for his vigilance. Later, as we drove more cautiously past the ponderous halls of Congress, Neruda observed, "That is where I spent the three dullest years of my life."

"And now—?"

"I'm still a member of the central committee of the party," he replied, "but debating and listening to speeches—well, it was either that, or back to poetry. . . ."

THEN, and the following day, there was the temptation to ask Neruda how he reconciled the party line with the search for truth. Had the poet any second thoughts about his homage to Stalin? The following night he was to receive Czechoslovakia's highest decoration; would he consider the Czech Ambassador a spokesman for a free people, acting purely in response to literary merit? But had we engaged in political warfare, there would have been no time for poetry, and it was Neruda the poet that had drawn us to Santiago.

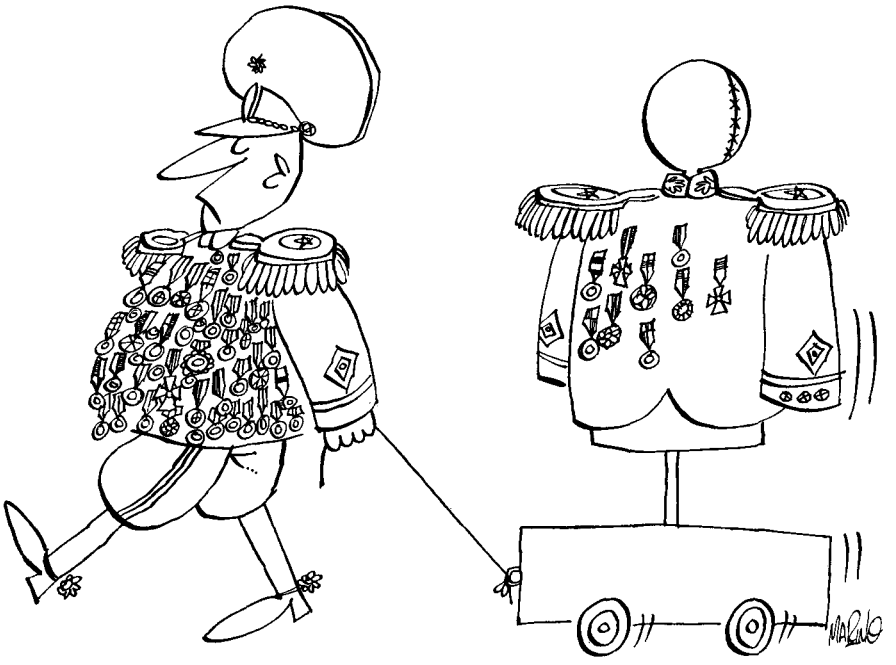
The next morning he called us at our hotel to say that his wife's brother had died during the night; he'd be an hour late picking us up. Had we better not intrude our presence into the household, we asked. "Hell, no," he said. "Sooner or later we all have to die. Even I have to die. But you will be our guests today only."

The Nerudas, when they aren't living at Isla Negra off the coast near Valparaiso, occupy a town house at the foot of Cerro de San Cristóbal. This is a little hill, with a zoo and a miniature funicular railway, that rises straight out of one of the capital's residential suburbs, serving as a park. Garden after garden climbs behind the house: grapevines laden with fruit; little plaster fountains; a moldering summer-house with caryatids and a dilapidated upright piano; shade trees and ovens; and, in the distance, the occasional roar of a lion. A hose was spouting into some shrubbery as we sat down on a stone bench. Neruda's sad eyes reflected the sun dance.

"Rain is very important for poetry," he said. "I was born in Parral in the center of Chile, a land of grapes and wine; but when I was very young my family moved to Temuco which is dry, dry."

"Was that bad?" I asked.

"Gabriela Mistral came from the North," he mused, "where there is only cactus and desert—but she survived. For many writers that is the best way. Her difficulties were so strong, but she fought them so hard . . . You asked about the Peruvian poet, César Vallejo. It was the same with him; of his weaknesses he made a style, a great style. He brought to the Spanish language the structure,



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the way of thinking of the Indians . . . though he didn't speak Quechua."

"Was that the beginning of modernism in Latin American verse?"

"No. I would say it began with Rubén Darío of Nicaragua. He was the great influence on all of us. Not for what he said—he was a romantic symbolist, a 'decadent'—but for what he did to the language. It was the greatest revolution in Spanish since Góngora. Vicente Huidobro was our next great poet, though he, too, had a French way of looking at things. But Vallejo, Mistral, Lopez Velarde in Mexico, and now Juvencio Valle and Nicanor Parra and Enrique Lihn here in Chile, speak altogether in their own voices. Parra, for example, has made a wonderful conjunction of the popular and the sophisticated; he is our most inventive poet."

I asked him whether these poets grew out of *Indigenismo*, and whether that cult of the noble savage had been replaced, as had the social conscience of the Thirties among us, by a more detached, even anti-social stance. He thought for a moment.

"For me it's very difficult to associate a writer's work with a movement," he said. "*Indigenismo*, social realism, are only words. Novelists like Ciro Alegría in Peru were important because they looked at their countries closely for the first time—and with compassion. Before that we had volcanoes and strange animals and picturesque Indians, but they had no identity, no *names*. The function of a surrealist here—I was called one for awhile—was to give names to things. Realists and subjectivists are too self-conscious to do that.

"I don't believe in social realism. Why? Because this label, this way of looking at things, is prefabricated. I want to taste the wine before it is bottled.

"The great writer — a Whitman, a Blake, a Quevedo, a Góngora—is not very conscious of what he is saying. He just has to say it—and that way. For myself, I can be realist and subjectivist, political and non-political, sometimes all in the same poem. But if you have this sense of the totality of life, they say, you are not free. Nobody has ever asked me to write a political poem. If the subject didn't touch me, I couldn't. I haven't written a poem about Santo Domingo and your intervention there, but I am free to write it. Poets like Eliot and St.-J. Perse are not free to. They are surrounded by conventions. Their conventions inhibit them, tell them that such a subject must wait a hundred years to be usable. After a hundred years the blood—and the life—will be washed out by the rain."

Neruda wanted to show us what the contemporary artists were up to, so he drove us to a nearby gallery, "The Patio." Only one artist, Carmen García (yet to have a show), seemed distinguishable from artists in Paris, Madrid, or New York. I pointed this out on the way back. "It's true," the poet said, shaking his head. "We're very backward. The wind blows and the artists sail with the wind. Not so in literature. You can't fake emotion or style in words."

"The writers don't sail with the *political* wind?"

"They are all to the Left, more or less. The tension, the repression, the drama of our position in Latin America doesn't permit us the luxury of being uncommitted."

"We got out of the car, and as I reached back in for my pipe Neruda rolled up the window, catching my fingers. "You've put him up to this," I said to Negron, "because I won our last tennis match."

Neruda laughed: "Would I dare? If I injured you, your State Department would say 'That Communist Neruda is deliberately crippling our writers!' "

Matilde Neruda, meanwhile, had been making a punch of wine poured over

—*William Negron.*

crushed strawberries, and a gourmet's luncheon climaxed by fried albacore in a sauce of garlic and tiny shrimps. As Neruda sat at the head of the table, I had a chance really to look at him for the first time. Possibly because he sat very near a splendid drawing of a horseman he had brought back from China (or from Bali, where he met and married his first wife), I saw him as a Buddha, ageless, perfectly composed, with just the suggestion of a childlike smile around the corners of his sensual mouth. His eyes are brown and far apart under drooping lids. The eyebrows, perpetually arched, add to the quizzical expression. He half-closes his eyes when shaping his thoughts, and he doesn't use his hands at all when talking.

Though his poems are full of invective, Neruda's conversational references to others are never cruel. He seems, rather, to embrace the world by singling out for praise everything that is attractive. His gestures are generous and his hospitality is Gargantuan. So we could not spend a week with him at Isla Negra? Very well then, we must come back and write a book about Chile.

"When you say you are the North American poet, our government will give you everything you want. It seldom says no in that direction! But pronounce the word 'poet' very softly. What would you like to see most? Easter Island? I'll tell you how we acquired it. One of our sea captains spent a night there with their queen. He gave her so much pleasure that she gave him the island. The Chilean Navy refuses to take me on its yearly visit. Could they fear a second seduction? But they will take you. I'll go in disguise as your secretary. . . ."

He had given us his *Collected Poems* and half a dozen more recent volumes. "Bill," he said to Negron, "I want you to have this one, because you're a Puerto Rican," and he handed him a copy of *Canción de Gesta*, printed in Havana. "It's a kind of joke. Don't read it until you get on the plane." Later, Negron, who shares my admiration for President Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, fastened his seatbelt and read me the following characterization of one of the few Latin American rulers to leave his country more prosperous than he found it, and without a cent of profit in his pocket:

> . . . fat worm in these waters,
> Briber of your fellow-men,
> Bilingual translator of executions,
> Chauffeur for Northamerican
> whiskey . . .
> Open your eyes, offended peoples,
> There is a Sierra Maestra all around
> you!

"Does he really believe it?" asked Negron.

"I suppose he does," I said, "but look at how much else he believes. Can a man affirm so much, so long, and so passionately, without being a little irrational? In the long run, will the naïvetés and inconsistencies matter? 'Do I contradict myself?' Whitman asked, 'Very well, then I contradict myself. I am large. I contain multitudes.' "

Neruda, then, has his naïvetés and inconsistencies. But above all else are his affirmation, an internationalism brought down to earth, and the extension of love of Man's body to Man's world. This is the essential Neruda, the Neruda who will be remembered:

> They have talked to me of Venezuelas,
> Of Paraguays and Chiles.
> I don't know what it is they say.
> I only know the skin of earth
> And that it has no name.

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A Stevenson Memorial

By BARBARA WARD JACKSON

EVERY TIME an astronaut strolls around the earth in a couple of hours, every time terrestrial receivers pick up photographs sent from the moon across a quarter of a million miles of space, people find it a little more difficult to think about the world in terms of the old sovereignty, of "in here" and "out there," of countries separated by inviolable boundaries, or areas of sovereignty so closed that you shoot the fishing vessel that crosses your mythical sea frontier.

But it is easier to grasp these contradictions emotionally and imaginatively than to know how to think about them in concrete and realistic terms. The "real" world is still a web of national interests, laws, conventions, prejudices, and fears. Its centers of international authority—the U.N., World Bank, International Monetary Fund—are still bargaining points for national policies and pressures. Most of the world's political education still lies in teaching students how to grasp their *own* nation's interests and policies and how, at best, to "understand" other people and to know why they are different.

This is not really the education chiefly needed in a human society where there are no final contrasts between "ins" and "outs" because, in fact, everyone is "in." Over a wide range of critical issues—atomic survival, a world rule of law, population trends, race relations, patterns of world trade, lending or liquidity—the interests of each community can only be fully understood and realized in a framework that includes the others. An educational process which begins by saying, "Here are *our* needs, *our* interests, *our* policies; now let us see how other interests can be fitted in," is already slightly out of focus. It would make more sense to say: "Here is a *world* problem—say, escape from potential incineration. What impact does it have on national particularities that cannot be easily reconciled with a working solution?"

The world's teaching institutions in the field of international politics are not yet quite geared to this angle of vision. This is not to deny the great increase in first-rate international studies or the proliferation of centers of research at the highest level. But in every country, they are local and national institutions. They are run by a local hierarchy. Their foreign scholars are guests—valued, listened to, often members of the staff. But still they are not hosts. Or rather, the distinction between hosts and guests has not been done away with. The local university is still sponsor and authority. All the academic integrity and objectivity in the world cannot quite make a national organization into an international one.

Perhaps in part for this reason, the world has seen over the last decade an intensified effort to take at least a part of the world's dialogue out of the national context. Official international institutions such as UNESCO are not entirely fitted for the task since they operate within the guidelines of governmental agreement. One thinks rather of the meetings of professional bodies coming together not as "representatives" but as a community based on common interest and concerns. Then, at a more informal level, the Pugwash meetings, for instance, are based on the assumption that a scientific community does exist and transcends frontiers. Those who attend the Bilderberg conferences, again, do not go as representatives of groups and cultures but as people who recognize that no one angle of approach can suffice to most contemporary problems. But such conferences are not backed by any sustained institutions and thus have no specific means through which to inform a wider group of scholars or reach public opinion at large.

Thus there seems to be an important gap in the institutions needed at this stage to help the world to understand its own plight. Nowhere can the nations go to school together. Nowhere can they meet, in an on-going center of learning, to study, explore, and discuss, in perfect equality, the common life of a world society which concerns them all.

For this reason, when the proposal was made last winter that a fitting memorial should be found for the late Adlai Stevenson which, while recognizing his stature as a world figure, would not overlap with a hundred other valuable and successful schemes for international enlightenment, the two consultants whose advice was sought—Dr. Herman Wells, Chancellor of Indiana University, and Dr. William Marvel, President of Education and World Affairs—suggested, after an exhaustive survey of existing institutions, that the memorial might take the form of setting up at some appropriate university an autonomous, wholly new kind of Center of International Studies. It would be organized by an outstanding director under the guidance of *international* trustees.

It would offer fellowships to graduate students on a completely international basis (Stevenson Fellows). It would provide facilities for research, contact, and discussion to men and women drawn from round the world—in diplomacy, in business, in education—who obviously had the stuff of leadership (Stevenson Senior Fellows). It would invite world figures of the eminence of a Jean Monnet to spend varying lengths of time at the Institute as Stevenson Distinguished Fellows. It would elect from among such men an Academy of some twenty-five world leaders whose presence at an annual symposium would be one method, among many others, of seeing that the Institute's work and study and practical proposals gain the widest possible publicity. And courses, research, and symposia would all have as their focus those areas of world community in which new thought is both desperately needed and largely lacking.

IF, later on, it is found that this experiment of building up an institute on a completely international basis achieves the success which the method seems to promise, then clearly the Institute can be thought of as the first of a chain of such institutions in close touch with each other round the world, attempting to create, across the shrinking frontiers, a new and growing community of men and women for whom the context of planetary unity is as intellectually natural as were the old cultural, religious, and national divisions of the past.

Such an institution, the trustees of the Adlai Stevenson Memorial Fund have agreed, would be a fitting memorial not only to Adlai Stevenson the man, but also to his ideals. Now it remains for people throughout the world who share these ideals to turn this dream of a new kind of international institution into a working reality.

Planning of the Adlai E. Stevenson Institute of International Affairs, described here by Lady Barbara Ward Jackson, is being carried out by the Adlai E. Stevenson Memorial Fund, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. It is anticipated that the Institute will be located in the Chicago area.

Lady Jackson, distinguished British economist and author and longtime friend of the late Ambassador Stevenson, also is one of twenty-two contributors to the book, *As We Knew Adlai* (Harper & Row, $6.95), proceeds from the sale of which are earmarked for the Stevenson Memorial Fund. For Elmo Roper's remembrance of Adlai Stevenson on the first anniversary of his death, see page 20.

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Adlai Stevenson : A New Vision

ON JULY 14 it will be a year since Adlai Stevenson died. During this time his career and character have been praised and analyzed and defined. It is clear that many things Stevenson was and did will be written into history. Yet, although much has been included in the appreciative portrait that has emerged since his death, I think perhaps the most important thing has been the least commented on.

His achievements in office, of course, have been recounted. There is an awareness of the grace with which he played his last and perhaps most difficult role of Ambassador to the United Nations. Frustrated at his distance from the center of power, he yet lent all the fine resources of his intellect to representing that power. We will continue to hear, in the phrases of the President of the U.N. General Assembly, "the echo of his eloquent and tempered words, the expression of a noble spirit and a high culture placed at the service of his country, but placed also at the service of the ideals of peace and justice."

There is less awareness of his perhaps even more remarkable achievements as Governor of Illinois. For a man who has been called impractical, it is worth remembering that his term of office was as constructive as that of any of the governors of that state in this century. While he was governor—to name just a few of his accomplishments—a neglected civil service was revitalized, useless political appointees were eliminated, unemployment and workmen's compensation benefits were increased, and Illinois was started on the path upward from one of the lowest levels of state aid for public schools to a heartening increase. He himself once told me that the period of his life of which he was proudest—and which he most enjoyed—was his four years as Governor of Illinois.

There is no question that for most people in this country, Stevenson will be remembered as a Presidential candidate who was greater in defeat than many have been in victory. All the memorable facets of Stevenson's character were revealed in that first, unforgettable campaign when he chose to put the pursuit of truth above the pursuit of power, and decided to "talk sense to the American people."

In his role as losing Presidential candidate, Adlai Stevenson captured the conscience and imagination of a particular political generation—the liberals of the Fifties, whom the times were against but who, in fact, represented the mainstream of the future. The complexity of his vision and the eloquence of his speech burst upon liberal intellectuals with a shock of recognition: "He's one of us!" More than John Kennedy, who appealed as much for his youth and energy as for the qualities of his mind, it was Stevenson with whom, as with no other political leader in recent history, they could identify.

And Stevenson will, of course, be remembered for his wit. It delighted all those who had not succumbed to the soggy proposition that to be serious one has to be dull. Unfortunately, in the 1950s too many *had* succumbed, and their appetite for portentous platitude was amply satisfied by Stevenson's opponent. It is an odd notion that wit is frivolous, and a dangerous notion if this attitude takes hold among a people. For a people without humor is a people without vision. Adlai Stevenson's humor arose from his ability to stand off and reflect on the political condition, from his awareness of the possibilities of pathos and failure that always lie in wait for noble deeds. He met the supreme test of humor—he could laugh at himself!

Adlai Stevenson will be remembered for all these things and more. But the time has come to put them into perspective, for an evaluation of his lasting imprint on American society. And I think that may be something rather different from the uniquely personal qualities for which he was so greatly admired.

What Adlai Stevenson gave us, at a turning point in our history, was a new vision of and respect for the intellectual life. To a nation too long dependent on improvisation and narrow practicality, too long scornful of the intellect and its fruits, he became a model of a truly educated man. Nearly a decade before Robert Frost was invited to the White House, Adlai Stevenson stood before the nation as an embodiment of humane and civilized intelligence. Though he was derided by some as an "egghead" in his time, since Stevenson it is no longer possible to think of intellectuals as wild-eyed and bushy-haired. He made the intellect respectable, and from these beginnings, who knows? The climate for intellectuals may one day become as favorable as it was in the days of Thomas Jefferson.

IN recent years Americans have become very nervous about learning. The Russian space achievements have shaken us up, and we've gone about solving the problem in a typical American way. We're building more schools, and the kids are competing harder than ever to get into and out of college. I have even heard that football heroes no longer have their pick of the more desirable females on campus. The intellect is becoming a new status symbol, a new way to win. But if we are to solve the tormenting problems that beset us, if we are to reckon with revolutionary changes in our society and our world, we need more than bright young men. We need what Adlai Stevenson had.

For more than anything, he showed us the proper uses of the mind. He demonstrated that the human intellect can be more than merely learned, more than brilliant, or useful, or shrewd. He showed us a mind at its highest functioning, at home with the culture of the past, involved in a continual quest for enlightenment about the present, and imaginative about philosophies for the future. He gave all of America something to strive for.

—ELMO ROPER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

No Travel Barriers

I FULLY AGREE with the policy advocated by William D. Patterson in his editorial of June 11, "No Dollar Wall." It is identical with the views I hold and have espoused on the floor of the Senate.

I have already expressed my intent to testify in support of the U.S. Travel Service's request for a $4,700,000 budget for next year, and I will continue to press for early consideration of my bill, S. 2305, which would increase USTS appropriations to $15,000,000. I very much hope that we will continue to work for an increase of two-way travel in the world.

JACOB K. JAVITS,
U.S. Senate.

Washington, D.C.

Wealth From the Sea?

IT STRIKES ME that Clark Eichelberger's approach to solving U.N. financial problems by placing the seas under U.N. control ["The Promise of the Seas' Bounty," *SR*, June 18] is both remote and naïve. True there are riches in the sea whose extent is as yet unknown (except for oil which is already being produced in a number of areas). But the cost of producing minerals from the sea is currently—and probably should be for many years—too high to be profitable. Wealth from the sea, therefore, is at best a remote source of income for the U.N.

Any success achieved in the realm of world peace, disarmament, a ban on nuclear testing, etc., should free more than enough funds to permit the U.N. to fulfil its obligations. And it should free adequate funds to permit the wealthier nations to expand their economic and technical assistance to the underdeveloped nations.

JACK LINSK.

Redlands, Calif.

Enemies Without

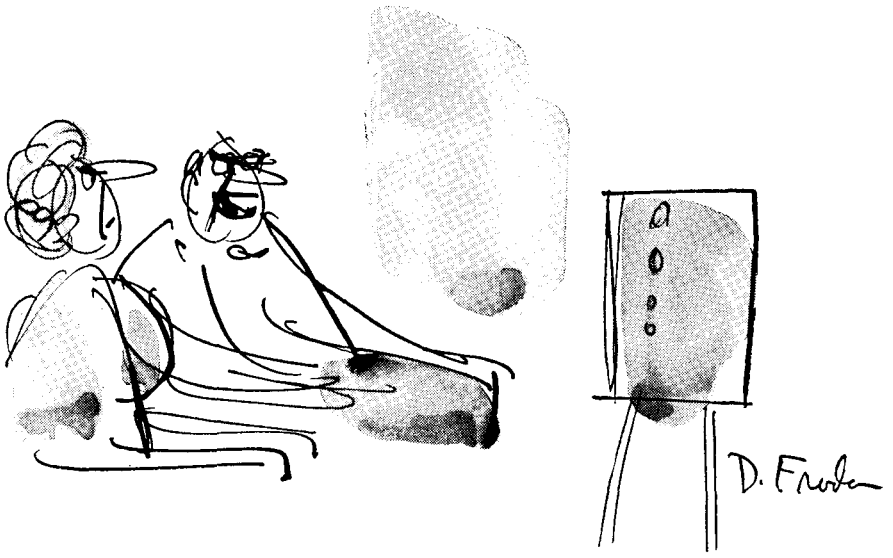
N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "The Other War" [*SR*, June 18], deals very adequately with the positively noxious gases which are currently being dumped into the atmosphere. But it fails to treat the place of the inert carbon dioxide in the air, which also has a sinister importance.

During millions of years Nature established a certain balance between animal and vegetable life. Animal life consumed oxygen and released carbon dioxide into the air, while vegetable life performed the reverse process. Comes now industrial civilization, which proceeds to obtain its necessary energy by burning the fuels that Nature has stored up during the ages, whether coal, oil, or gas, all of which consume oxygen and release carbon dioxide. The threat is that the accumulated replacement of oxygen by carbon dioxide will gradually extinguish animal life.

Emerson says, "In nature nothing is given; it is always sold." When Man disturbs her balance Nature will exact her price in full measure.

ROSS M. RIEGEL.

Erie, Penn.



"I hope the half of the population that's under twenty-five years of age is enjoying this junk."

IN HIS EXCELLENT EDITORIAL on environmental dangers, N.C. mentions briefly the probable coming shortage of food caused by taking millions of acres out of cultivation for cities and superhighways. He fails, however, to give attention to population control as one of the most hoped-for of partial solutions and one which greatly needs aggressive and dynamic support.

PAUL W. MATHEWS.

Columbia, Mo.

New Award for Dr. Parker

ON THIS PAGE on June 4 you carried a letter noting that the American Jewish Committee had given an award to Dr. Everett C. Parker for his service as director of the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ, which recently succeeded in its long fight to obtain F.C.C. hearings on the renewing of the license of WLBT, a television station in Jackson, Mississippi [*SR*, May 7]. Perhaps your readers would like to know that Dr. Parker has been further recognized with a special citation from Religious Heritage of America, at its annual awards banquet on June 23.

CLAIRE COX,
Chairman,
Public Relations Committee,
Religious Heritage of America.

New York, N.Y.

Beatty Analyzed

I WONDER HOW Jerome Beatty, Jr., would like to be in a profession for more than thirty years; in work wherein you did extensive research, suffered hardship and privation in order to keep it on a high cultural level; received praise from Dr. Alfred Adler, Dr. Karl Menninger, Albert Einstein, and others—and then have someone write flippantly (as he did in the TRADE WINDS of June 4) that: "Analysis of a person's character from his handwriting is fun but it shouldn't be taken too seriously?"

Perhaps Mr. Beatty should have his handwriting analyzed.

NADYA OLYANOVA.

New York, N.Y.

Magic in Massachusetts

HOW COULD YOU put the article "Magic Morning In Massachusetts" on such a hidden and almost overlooked place in your issue of June 18? It was a delight and a rare pleasure, making me homesick and giving me a feeling of all my youth gone by. Please, next time put Mary Wallace on the front page.

(MRS.) RUTH H. COLE.

Montebello, Calif.

MY HEARTFELT THANKS for publishing "Magic Morning in Massachusetts." It was a memorable piece of poetic prose, which gave a lift to my morale, as I'm sure it must have done for many others—especially those who learned to love the sea in the closing years of the nineteenth century from walking on the beaches at Bournemouth and Yarmouth, as well as in our own United States.

CLIFTON G. DALAND.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Re: Ladies in Streetcars

I AM ENTHUSIASTIC about LITERARY CRYPT. It's a tough course, but I play it with every issue. Keeping score, I figure twenty minutes is par for the problem. That O. Henry quotation [Answer to Crypt N. 1192, *SR*, June 18] raised my handicap considerably. Are you sure that is from O. Henry?

RICHARD MURRAY.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Thirteenth and Centennial Edition of "Bartlett's" gives O. Henry's "Strictly Business" as the source of the quotation used—"Except in streetcars one should never be unnecessarily rude to a lady."*

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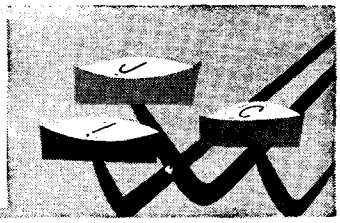
Manner of Speaking



Wit and Grace: Let there be mind enough and inevitably there will be times when it opens large in answer to small occasion, a trivial event serving as the latch that lets swing open great portals, though only when those portals are hinged on the delicate balances of a contained and easy wit.

Carlyle must have thought he had swung those portals wide when he heard Margaret Fuller's declaration that she accepted the universe, and snapped back, "She does? By God, she'd better!"

I am not sure myself whether I am ready to accept it or not. So far, I have been satisfied to get along with it in a wary non-aggression pact. But I should like to think I accept mind, and in that name I much prefer to Carlyle's club-room quip, John Holmes's reply in the last stanza of his grand poem titled *Margaret's Choice*:

> I have come to accept bits and parts
> of the universe,
> Hot food, cumulus clouds, starlight, a
> woman in bed,
> And the thought of other haphazard
> accepters dead
> Lacking my mathematics, color, time,
> ice, grass.
> I am late, it is enough, I am glad not
> to forget
> One world as in my time. I accept
> summer and spring,
> Autumn and not winter, light and not
> lightning,
> And not Carlyle, but by God I accept
> Margaret.

Holmes, of course, had the advantage over Carlyle in that Holmes had given himself time to think before he spoke and Carlyle had not.

There are, however, times when the quality of a man's mind reveals itself spontaneously and irrefutably, with nothing for second thought to add but its admiration of what the mind had stored so firmly that it could slip forth in something like the main weight of intellect, and yet lightly as grace itself.

Of that species of revelation, I particularly treasure a story once told me about Mason Gross, now president of Rutgers, but at the time in (rather than of) the telling, a professor of philosophy. I am always gladdened, and my hope for the educational system is always raised, when professors of the humanities become presidents of great universities. My joy and my lifted hope may spring from no more than the prejudices of my former occupation as a professor in the humanities, but still I cheer when philosophy takes over the great seal, and still I sniff when it passes to retired generals, to corporate successes, and to political nuts-and-bolts men, or even to scientists, toward whom I feel not disrespect but only a wary commingling of awe and distrust, combined with some fear of the next lethal toy they will come up with. The scientists aside, let me believe my story illustrates what all such executive types tend to lack that those of my chosen faction tend to have.

Then-Professor Gross was teaching an introduction to philosophy, and had barely begun the course when a student arriving for an afternoon conference blurted out, "Look, I don't know nothing about Aristotle and Pluto!"

"Sir," Professor Gross replied, "for millennia now, philosophers have been seeking what they call 'self-evident truths.' You," he added, "have just formulated one."

I will, by God, accept the mind's graces, and I have come to believe they spring natively from the great philosopher-pedagogues. I find the same grace of wit, the same sense of great understanding lightly carried, in a reply attributed to Professor Morris Cohen, who became a legend at CCNY without becoming president. He had reached the other end of the introduction-to-philosophy course when a coed arose in the role of intellectually ravished virtue, and declared, "Professor Cohen, you have knocked a hole in everything I ever believed in, and you have given me nothing to take its place!"

But Professor Cohen had a mind well poised against the slangs and narrows of outrageous virtue.

"Young lady," he replied, "you will recall that among the labors of Hercules, he was required to clean out the Augean stables. He was not, let me point out, required to refill them."

And still in tribute to the philosophers, I have in mind, though a bit hazily, the story still told at Harvard of a visiting philosopher, a British eminence who had come over to shine upon the colonies just before World War I, and who was asked in the course of a graduate school colloquium to name the greatest philosopher of the age, a distinction to which he himself was inclined to lay some claim.

"Gentlemen," he answered, "before the battle of Marathon, the Athenian generals met to elect a commander-in-chief and a second in command. When the ballots were counted, it turned out that every man had voted for himself for the first place, and that all but one had voted for Miltiades for the second place."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With the thought that the products of this school system may have missed the point, I quote from Webster's "New World Dictionary":*

> *Mil-ti-a-des*, noun. Athenian general; flourished *circa* 500 B.C.; defeated Persia at Marathon in 490 B.C.

But for fear my former colleagues in the English department will accuse me of throwing the game to the Philosophy department, let me pass on the story of a Harvard undergraduate who met in battle with no less a dragon than Amy Lowell, and who carried all before him in easy grace. Since the incident took place at a performance of Shakespeare, there is at least a fair presumption that he had been exposed to the English department, and certainly the English department would have done well to make him welcome.

Miss Lowell was an ample lady and she filled her seat in a capable way. Her seat was between the aisle and the young man's seat, and once she was *in situ*, the young man had a hard squeeze to get by. He managed it with some stepping on toes, only to find that Miss Lowell chose to remain seated at intermission. It took one more squeeze to get by her at the beginning of the first intermission, and yet another to get back at the close. Nor was Miss Lowell showing pleasure at being squeezed by and, partly, through. Come the beginning of the second intermission, the young man started out again, and Miss Lowell decided that she had had enough.

"Young man," she announced in the voice that some Boston ladies still believe will check angels in their flight and send all mere mortals reeling, "I am Miss Lowell of Brookline."

But the young man was neither checked nor routed, and his answer was ready. "Your address, madam," he said, "is a matter of no importance to me."

Stylistic note: Was his reply phrased for the best possible emphasis? I recall Theodore Morrison's retelling that story at Bread Loaf one year and asking for the most effective order of phrasing. Which should it be?

"To me, madam, your address is a matter of no importance." (?)

"Madam, your address is a matter of no importance to me." (?)

"Your address is a matter of no importance to me, madam." (?)

If uncertain, ask your nearest philosopher. If he lacks official title, you may identify him as the man of your acquaintance who plays most gravely with ideas, or whose mind carries most weight most lightly.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Robert Frost Revisited

NO OTHER man of letters of any sort has had the position in American culture enjoyed by Robert Frost in the last two decades of his life. The good old men of the second half of the nineteenth century—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell — were honored on the walls of thousands of middle-class homes, but fame was different in those days. At the time of his death Frost was probably known to almost as many Americans as Jack Parr, Richard Nixon, Fidel Castro, Elizabeth Taylor, or Willie Mays. This practitioner of two supposedly obsolescent arts, farming and poetry, had triumphed in the age of television and tape recorders, of automation and space probes.

When he came back to New Hampshire in 1915, after spending three years and publishing two books in England, Frost was forty-one, a ripe age for a poet. Honors, both academic and literary, came to him with astonishing rapidity, and before the Twenties had well begun he could pass as a major literary figure. Many people were pleased with the idea of a farmer-poet, and the same people were delighted to find that they could understand the farmer-poet's poetry. (Whether they understood it well is, of course, a question; but at least they could tell themselves that they enjoyed it, and it was a pleasure to enjoy poetry of which literary authorities thought well.) The legend of the farmer-teacher-poet grew, nourished by the quotable remarks he made to journalists, by the handsome photographs that appeared everywhere, and by the extraordinary magnetic power felt by audiences, small and large, that heard him talk and read his poetry. And eventually there was the sanctity of age, made the more impressive by the vitality that persisted to within a few weeks of his death. That he should be recognized by a young President of the United States seemed appropriate, and millions watched with pity and admiration as he refused to be daunted by his infirmities at that President's inauguration.

The poetry is what counts, and I have no doubt that it will continue to count for a long time to come, even though the intellectual establishment continues to condescend to it. The poet, however, is not negligible, and we seem likely to find more to wonder about as the years go by. Lawrance Thompson, the official biographer, has already given us a good deal to chew on in his *Selected Letters of Robert Frost*, published year before last. Two current books—*Interviews with Robert Frost*, edited by Edward Connery Lathem (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $7.50), and *Selected Prose of Robert Frost*, edited by Mr. Lathem and Hyde Cox (same publisher, $4.50)—offer no overwhelming revelations but do raise some interesting questions.

The first book, I'm afraid, impressed me chiefly because it indicates how dull most newspaper interviewing is. The early interviewers were, for the most part, young reporters who saw a chance of making a story out of this eccentric fellow. By and large they didn't know the right questions to ask and couldn't accurately set down Frost's answers. Every now and then the quality of the man comes through, but not often. And even in later years, when the interviewers were likely to be better informed, they were sometimes overawed and did not know how to cope with Frost's playfulness.

The *Selected Prose*, though surprisingly meager, is more satisfactory, and some of its pieces are essential to an understanding of Frost. "The Figure a Poem Makes" and "The Constant Symbol" are both familiar and important. "Education by Poetry" discusses wisely the role of metaphor in life as well as literature, and the introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson's posthumous *King Jasper* is generous and discerning. (After saying that Robinson was a poet of griefs but not of grievances, Frost writes, "Grievances are a form of impatience. Griefs are a form of patience.") Then there is the lively and amusing account of an All-Stars baseball game that he wrote for *Sports Illustrated* in 1956.

In many of the interviews and most of the essays and introductions there are three recurring themes. The first is the nature of poetry. Frost was no untutored swain, though the early interviewers liked to pretend he was, but a conscientious and brilliant student of both the practice and theory of poetry. He resented the suggestion that he was a simple sort of poet, especially when it

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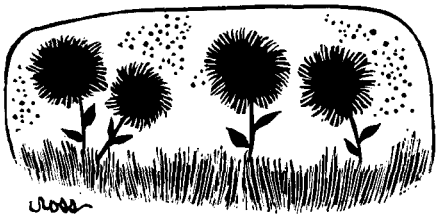
was made by admirers who polemically contrasted his intelligibility with the obscurity of most of the poets who became influential in the Twenties. He could be impatient enough with what seemed to him a faked obscurity, put on to conceal failures of the imagination, but he never suggested that a poem was bad because it was difficult. He knew that his own poems were considerably less simple than most of his admirers believed. In whatever he wrote about the nature of poetry he was careful to avoid dogmatic definitions. He chose to be elusive, even coy, rather than to bind a poet in chains.

There is the same avoidance of commitment in what he wrote about religion. He believed himself to be religious, and often spoke of God, but he adhered to no dogma, and the subtlest of interviewers couldn't pin him



down. He was less ostentatiously melancholy than most of his contemporaries, but he was not what he called "a cheerful Monist," an Emersonian. (Neither was Emerson.) When he was asked whether he felt that his life had been worth living, he said that some days he did and others he didn't. In the last interview he gave, only a few weeks before he died, he said: "I guess I don't take life very seriously. It's hard to get into this world and hard to get out of it. And what's in between doesn't make much sense. If that sounds pessimistic, let it stand. There's been too much vaporous optimism voiced about life and age. Maybe this will provide a little balance."

Frost was always one to want to "provide a little balance," and in politics, which he always took seriously, he was likely to swing from one side of the road to the other. In letters to his friends, especially in the Thirties, he was sometimes dismayingly reactionary: skepticism of utopian ideas and distrust of bureaucracy were strong in him, and occasionally he gave expression to his fears. But he was not frightened by change, and he remained hopeful about the future of this country. When he visited Russia in his late eighties he looked calmly at what he saw, and even reported that Khrushchev was "a grand man." As the public figure he ultimately became, Frost stood for courage and common sense, the critical examination of all dogmas, openness to experience, and the importance of the creative imagination. —Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

No Monstrosity

In the review of *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,* by Justin Kaplan [*SR*, June 18], the reviewer, A. Grove Day, states that the "monstrous mansion" built by Samuel Clemens is located in East Hartford. In fact, the house is located at 351 Farmington Ave., Hartford, where it has been since it was constructed in 1874.

Mr. Day may consider it to be monstrous, but others have a different opinion. For example, Professor Samuel M. Green of Wesleyan University in his study *American Art—A Historical Survey* describes it as "an unusually eloquent example of bold composition and rich juxtaposition of textures, colors, and materials."

Another authority considers it to be "one of the most interesting entities now extant of the high taste of the 1870s and Eighties."

Walter K. Schwinn,
President,
Mark Twain Memorial.

Hartford, Conn.

Benefactor

Michael Novak in his reviews of five current Catholic books [*SR*, June 4] includes the sadly gratuitous calumny: "Catholicism's most reactionary archbishop, Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles." In the past twenty-five years, His Eminence has built more new schools and churches than any prelate in the world. . . .

It ill becomes Mr. Novak to bite the hand that feeds him for, without the millions donated to Stanford University by Southern California conservatives, there would be no "special program of humanities."

Paul Brindel, K.C.

Novato, Calif.

First Sephardic Settlement

In his excellent review of *The Spanish Inquisition,* by Henry Kamen [*SR*, June 18], Dr. Abram Sachar writes: "The Jewish era in Spain lasted for more than seven centuries, from 711 A.D., when the first Jews came along with the Moorish conquerors . . ." I quote from Dr. Sachar's own volume, *A History of the Jews*: "Jews had been settled in Spain at least as early as the Carthaginian days. . . . Arab hosts crossed the straits into Spain, and in 711, aided by the decadent condition of the Visigothic kingdom, and, doubtless, by the sympathetic attitude of the oppressed Jews, they made themselves masters of the land."

Solomon Lipp.

Boston, Mass.

Marx and Margolis in their *History of the Jewish People* state: "It is certain that Jews were in Spain, at the latest about 300 . . ."

Erwin R. Goodenough in *Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period* mentions two Jewish tombstones in Spain one of which is put in the third century and the other, inscribed in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, is dated between the second and sixth centuries.

As early as about 320 a Church Council (Illiberis) enacted anti-Jewish decrees. In 612 King Sisebut issued an edict of conversion or expulsion against the Jews. The Jewish penitential prayers known as "Selichot" contain an alphabetical supplication composed in the "days of the Visigothic persecutions."

Samuel Duker.

New York, N.Y.

Jews had lived in Spain most probably from before the time of Jesus, but certainly before the Council of Elvira (313 A.D.). . . . Besides, it is a myth to regard the existence of the Jews in Spain as an idyl, even within the particular span of 700 years referring to the Moorish presence in parts of Spain. While various Jewish communities flourished there during epochs of uneven length, the most positive thing to be said about Jewish life throughout these 700 years is that it was beset by vicissitudes during 600 of them. It sank to its nadir . . . in 1391, when a chain of pogroms swept the peninsula.

Erika Spivakovsky.

Westport, Conn.

There were Jews living in Spain during the heyday of the Roman Empire and the theory persists that they may have been there as early as the time of King Solomon.

Rabbi Robert Layman.

Lansdale, Pa.

As an American Jew who is not without some experience of Nazi barbarism, Israel's progress and development, and the history of this country, as well as the attitude of non-Jewish Americans—I find Dr. Sachar's concluding paragraph presumptuous and shallow, and a gratuitous and undeserved affront to the countless non-Jews of good will everywhere. Which "many Jewish leaders" he speaks for I know not, but he does not speak for a nonleader like me, and, I suspect, for many simple Jewish Americans who, like me, have and will continue to take kindly sentiments or protestations of amity seriously. . . .

Let's save our doubts and hostilities for our enemies, but grasp hands of friendship.

Joe Lev.

Queens Village, N.Y.

Dismissed

In reviewing *The State of the Nation* [*SR*, Apr. 23] Arthur Schlesinger dismisses Dalton Trumbo's contribution to the book by calling him a Hollywood hack. Trumbo and Schlesinger have both written junk and both have written nonjunk—for money. . . .

H. Maxwell Levy.

Studio City, Calif.

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A Room in Ancient Assyria

Nimrud and Its Remains, *by M. E. L. Mallowan (Dodd, Mead. 2 Vols. 677 pp. $60), reconstructs ancient Assyrian life at Nimrud, and describes the discovery of Fort Shalmaneser, a palace fortress. Lynn and Gray Poole are authors of "History of Ancient Olympic Games" and of the forthcoming "One Passion, Two Loves," a biography of Heinrich and Sophia Schliemann, excavators of Troy, Mycenae, and Tiryns.*

By LYNN and GRAY POOLE

BY HIS own sense of excitement, the distinguished British archeologist M. E. L. Mallowan manages to involve the reader in the problems of excavation, the thrill of discovery, and the reconstruction of history. It matters whether rain falls on newly exposed wall-paintings, what object is uncovered by a turn of the spade, and that Assyrian royalty of the ninth century B.C. fills blank spaces of chronology.

The ancient military capital Nimrud, the Calah of the Old Testament, is close to Nineveh in a region of Assyria described by Mallowan as the "green downs of the north"—a pleasant contrast to the desert country of Ur where he had dug for six years with Sir Leonard Woolley. The Nimrud expedition, which Mallowan directed, was launched March 17, 1949, 100 years after the publication of *Nineveh and Its Remains*, by Sir Austen Henry Layard, whose Assyrian excavations included a palace at Nimrud from which he removed to the British Museum a great collection of ivories. The twentieth-century expedition began exploration in the palace room where many ivories had been found.

On the very first day of excavation Mallowan demonstrated that sixth sense, the intuitive feeling for historic sites, essential to every great archeologist. Although Layard had published plans of the palace and maps of Nimrud as he had left it, the remains were concealed by a century of wild growth, and were surrounded by the greenery of pastures. Cartographic study was the obvious preliminary to pinpointing the exact place for the start of operations, but Mallowan, unwilling to waste precious time, vaguely gestured to his trained crew to commence digging in a certain general area. Within twenty-four hours mud-brick walls were uncovered, and within three days it was evident from bits of gold foil and ivory fragments that the digging had started in the precise room planned.

Scholars will fully appreciate that there was nothing casual about the master plan and its execution during the thirteen seasons of excavation that made monumental contributions to archeology. Mallowan's interpretations of ancient evidence and the work of his pioneering predecessors at Nimrud, his presentation of the scope of discovery, his evaluation of major finds, and his predictions for future explorations at Nimrud are authoritative.

The expedition's first season at Nimrud was sufficiently productive to confirm the signs Mallowan refers to as good omens. The luck they brought began early. Previously only one inscribed tablet from Nimrud was known to exist, but Mallowan had been certain in advance of excavation that documents existed and hoped that a library would be found. Even he could not have envisioned the wealth of written records eventually discovered, but, soon after digging began, fragments of cuneiform tablets were brought to light. A room containing a large collection of inscribed clay tablets was found as early as the end of April 1949.

In subsequent seasons of excavation the walled seat of ancient empires was revealed through contemporary archeological methods. The bulldozer and the crane, the tacheometer and the donkey engine became essential to efficient operation. The more than 600 photographs in the two volumes on Nimrud show to what extent the camera was a valuable field tool. Aerial photography and wide-angle and telephoto lenses produced pictures that indicate the size and shape of the 884-acre site, while X-ray photographs aided in the process of restoration. The pages also abound in pictures showing details of large architectural sections and fragmented discoveries.

Scattered throughout the text are maps, plans, and section sketches. In addition, eight large fold-out maps are bound in a hardback cover that fits into

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the slip-case with the two volumes of text.

The Nimrud expedition first began excavation at Fort Shalmaneser in mid-March of 1957, when much of ancient Nimrud had already been exposed to view, and its political, economic, and sociologic history reconstructed. The N.W. Palace of Assur-nasir-pal II had given up secrets held in its depths for centuries, and the palace-fortress of his son Shalmaneser III—spreading over eighteen acres and containing more than 200 rooms—was made to do the same. By the study of remains of rulers subsequent to Shalmaneser III, and the excavated tokens of war, prosperous times, and the decline of Nimrud the history of Assyria was extended.

Mallowan's second volume is given over entirely to Fort Shalmaneser and stresses the importance of its ivories. Exceeding all expectation and unsurpassed by any other, the collection included decorative objects, furniture, harness ornamentation, friezes, plaques, and open-work panels.

Although excavation at Nimrud is far from complete, for economic and scholarly reasons work there was brought to a close. Before reopening operations at Nimrud there should be a passage of years for the study, evaluation, and publication of material accumulated between 1949 and 1963. It is estimated that examination of the ivories alone will require the attention of numerous experts for decades to come.

In a nine-page epilogue Mallowan skillfully and logically sums up the accomplishments at Nimrud. To the ivories he assigns the place of honor as legacies from the craftsmen of the ancient East. But a sandstone stela celebrating the opening of the palace of Assur-nasir-pal II in 879 B.C. helped to establish a pattern of vital statistics, added to by clay documents written more than two centuries later during the reign of Esarhaddon.

Anyone who tries to use this book for reference will be frustrated by the lack of adequate index; none would be preferable to the short and incomplete listing at the back of Volume II. Two examples will serve to show how impossible it is to work from the index given: There is no reference to Shalmaneser I, and only four page-numbers follow the name Layard, which occurs dozens of times throughout the two volumes. Less hampering, but also irritating, is the absence of a chronological list of Assyrian kings; surely not even every scholar knows by heart all the rulers and their dates.

Nevertheless, Mallowan has given us an unforgettable picture of Nimrud; and, in so doing, a self-portrait emerges that contains charm, wisdom, erudition, and generosity.

Observer of the Human Comedy

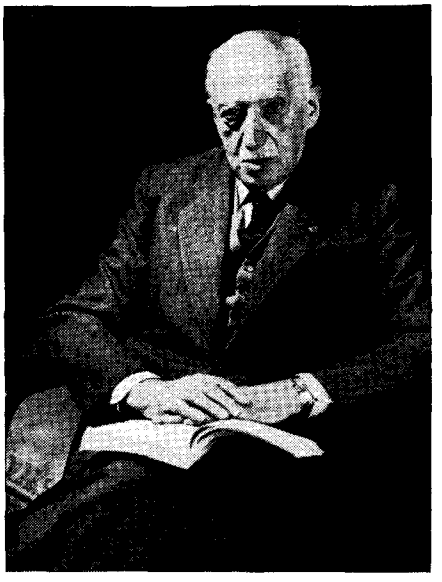
***Prometheus: The Life of Balzac,** by André Maurois, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Harper & Row. 573 pp. $10), depicts both "the demigod who gave birth to a world and the fat man who reveled in childish puns." Justin O'Brien, professor of French at Columbia University, has translated works by Proust, Gide, and Camus, and written about many contemporary French authors.*

By JUSTIN O'BRIEN

ANDRE MAUROIS possesses a genius for depicting the life of genius. Early in his long and glorious career he felt drawn chiefly to England, doubtless because he was brought up in Normandy—Elbeuf and Rouen—and because of his assignment as interpreter to a British regiment during World War I. After living with and penetrating the strange psychology of the Colonel Brambles and Doctor O'Gradys, he quite naturally turned to biographies of Shelley, Byron, Disraeli. Then, moving to his native France for subjects, he produced dazzling life-size portraits of Victor Hugo, Marcel Proust, George Sand, the Dumas family, and others.

It would be difficult to imagine a member of the august French Academy more ideally suited to his function, now that Paul Valéry is dead. André Maurois possesses a brilliant mind steeped in French history, literature, and art, capable of independent thought, and open to the best of the foreign. To be sure, he nourishes a special affection for everything English, even to the point of looking and acting like one of those benign gentlemen educated at Eton or Harrow *cum* Trinity, Cambridge, or Balliol, Oxford. With her artistic manner and Oxford accent Madame Simone André-Maurois graces the portrait perfectly (she is the daughter of Proust's friend Gaston Arman de Caillavet).

His luxurious apartment, well-lined with precious dedication copies of Balzac, George Sand, Anatole France, and Marcel Proust, overlooks the Bois de Boulogne with its stately trees and eighteenth-century groves. This ought to be, one thinks, Regent's Park or Carleton Terrace overlooking the Mall, so utterly has André Maurois combined the best in the English with the best in the French traditions.



André Maurois—"the required empathy and gusto."

In his spacious, workmanlike library there Maurois stacked up the many volumes of the *Comédie humaine* and all the thousands of articles devoted to Balzac and his time, and set to work on *Prometheus.* Now, at the age of eighty, in what he claims is his final undertaking of such vast proportions, he has published his biography of that towering genius Honoré de Balzac. No one less than a Rodin could portray Balzac as he looked to his contemporaries and as he looks to us; only a Maurois could write his life with the required empathy and gusto.

Quite obviously, the same indefatigable energy and all-embracing observation that produced the *Human Comedy* in a short life of fifty-one years went into André Maurois's *Prometheus.* More than a hundred titles by Balzac fill the chronological list at the end of this volume, whereas the hundreds, not to say thousands, of books and brochures on Balzac produced in the 116 years since his death have been boiled down to a highly selective bibliography in this English-language edition. To be sure, the Balzac cult is world-wide, and André Maurois was keenly aware of the myriad traps lurking in every episode of this flamboyant existence. But in France, where every lettered person has the complete works on his shelf if not on his tongue, the cultists are both more eagle-eyed and more powerful; hence the French edition contained infinitely more documentation and annotation.

Far more than a critical study of Bal-

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zac, this thick, fascinating book succeeds in reconciling "the demigod who gave birth to a world and the fat man who reveled in childish puns." As Maurois says, "How is one to pass judgment on Proteus? Balzac was by turns a saint, a criminal, an honest judge, a corrupt judge, a minister, a fop, a harlot, a duchess, and always a genius."

Balzac was all these things because of his intuitive gift for observation, which permitted him to penetrate the souls of others and swap personalities with them. "Listening to people talking," he wrote as a youth, "I could enter into their lives, feel their tattered clothes on my back, walk with my feet in their shoes; their desires, their needs, all passed into my soul, or my soul passed into theirs. It was the dream of a man awake." That same faculty of genius allowed the future creator of Rastignac to describe himself thus in his mid-twenties:

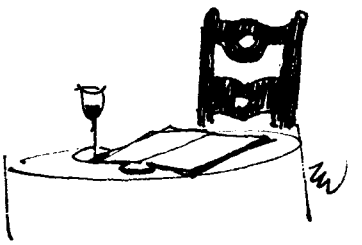
> In my five feet three inches I contain every possible inconsistency and contrast, and those who find me vain, extravagant, obstinate, frivolous, illogical, fatuous, negligent, idle, unpurposeful, unreflective, inconstant, talkative, tactless, crude, unpolished, crotchety, and of uneven temper are no less right than those who would say that I am economical, modest, courageous, tenacious, energetic, neglected, hard-working, constant, reserved, full of finesse, polite, and always cheerful. The man who calls me a poltroon will be no more wrong than the man who says I am extremely brave. In short, learned or ignorant, talented or inept, I am astonished by nothing more than myself. I conclude that I am simply an instrument played upon by circumstance. . . .

As Balzac himself sensed, he was what the French call a force of nature, writing three novels at once while proofreading a fourth, juggling complex business enterprises each with its pot of gold just out of sight, playing off one adored lady against another, climbing the social ladder, and piling up unbelievable debts through his unquenchable thirst for luxury and his chimerical investments. Those who approached him saw him this way, and not the least virtue of Maurois's biography is his judicious use of quotations from letters of friends, as well as from the numerous novels and letters of the lusty Balzac himself.

For instance, Madame Marbouty, who, disguised as a male secretary, accompanied Balzac on a business trip to Turin in 1836, wrote to her mother back in Limoges:

> Like all men of superior intellect, Balzac is very much preoccupied with his ideas and not very lovable. But he has such intellectual force and vigor and there is such superiority in his whole being that he pleases none the less. His physique is poor and his face, though wonderfully expressive, is bizarre. . . . I have a wonderful apartment and am admirably waited upon. What makes it all the more remarkable is that Balzac has not a penny and is overwhelmed by debts, and it is only by dint of incredible labor that he is able to maintain his position between luxury and the financial ruin that threatens him every day. . . . Balzac is very kind, even-tempered, and frank, like all great spirits, but more concerned with the *future* and *ambition* than with the love of women. Love is necessary to him as a physical act. Except for this, his whole life is given to work.

Madame Marbouty, one of his rare ladies not to have a noble title and not



to have the same first name as his beloved sister Laure, saw correctly. Maurois explains her male disguise, which must have been a convenience, on the ground of the fashion set by George Sand; but it is noteworthy that on the last night in Turin, unable to bear her *travesti* any longer, she suddenly appeared at a ball in the most Parisian of gowns.

Every episode in the book would bear quoting, for all of them illustrate the vast creative energy, the fire and imagination, the wit and high intelligence of this vibrant electric storm that illuminated French life in the first half of the nineteenth century. Thriving on emotional upheaval and crisis, Balzac yet became a galley-slave to his pen, living under a self-inflicted and therefore harshest form of despotism. But anyone meeting him in society might have wondered when he found time to write, his outer life would have seemed so vivid and varied. Each of these episodes is recounted here with appropriate verve and most often with a lapidary aphorism to remind us that André Maurois is a thinker and man of the world in his own right, formed by the rigorous, independent mind of the great philosopher Alain. Noting that Balzac hesitated to apply the same Christian name to a second beloved who legitimately bore it, he adds: "Scruple has its quirks which constancy does not know." Or, apropos the antagonism between a woman and the work of art: "Every woman who loves an artist is condemned sooner or later to suffering." The frequent attacks on Balzac's reputation prompt Maurois to say: "When fame goes beyond acceptable bounds, malice discards all decency."

Unforgettable is the correct word for almost every incident in this book. Just take Victor Hugo's last two visits to the only man whose genius rivaled his at the time. On the first, Balzac, dying of dropsy, displayed his swollen legs, talked politics, twitted Hugo about giving up the title of Peer of France, boasted of his deep religious feeling, and, hobbling to the door with his guest, called downstairs to his wife: "Make sure you show Hugo all my pictures!" On the second visit, the death-rattle had begun from the blue-black face on the pillow as the room filled with the stench of gangrene; Hugo drew back the coverlet and squeezed the novelist's sweaty hand; and back home that evening he told his guests, among whom he was proud to number the Turkish chargé d'affaires, a Spanish poet, and an exiled Italian count: "Gentlemen, Europe is about to lose a great spirit."

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, this is a book for all to read, whether or not they are familiar with the *Human Comedy* in any language. On the last page André Maurois evokes the name of that other dedicated novelist, perhaps the only equal of Balzac, who knew the *Comédie humaine* almost by heart—Marcel Proust.

Of him he could have written, as he does of Balzac, that he nourished a multitude of characters with his own substance. "He gave them his life, and so died young. But who would not wish to be Balzac?"

What a magnificent concluding line for a final biography by a master who has passed the age of eighty.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1196

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1196 will be found in the next issue.

GL RDI HUCSMN RDIL NYAZI,

SWT RDI HAYBANIMN RDIL OAFI,

LI NDSOO ZWAP RDI RIKREMI AJ

YIW'N NAEON.

—XADW CSONPAMRDL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1195

Life is too short to do anything for oneself that one can pay others to do for one. —W. Somerset Maugham.

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Some Affairs of State

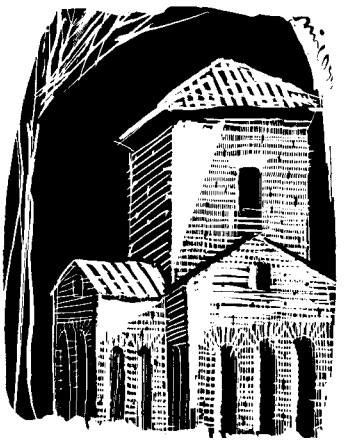
The Mistresses: Domestic Scandals of the Nineteenth-Century Monarchs, *by Betty Kelen (Random House. 341 pp. $5.95), culls some prize specimens from the final flowering of illicit royal romance. Patricia MacManus is a free-lance critic.*

By PATRICIA MACMANUS

TIME was when illicit passion involving the high and the mighty was expected and accepted; but with the rise of constitutional forms of government the divine right of kings was banished from the boudoir as well as the throne. Thus, as Betty Kelen observes in *The Mistresses*, "today a king who wants a mistress must abdicate his throne and marry her," while for presidents such unholy alliances "are not permitted to exist historically at all."

Accordingly, Mrs. Kelen has turned with a certain zesty nostalgia to the nineteenth century for some prize specimens from the final flowering of royal mistresses, presenting her selections "more for interesting behavior than for any instruction they offer in the matter of historical patterns." Well, interesting behavior is indeed here aplenty, recreated in a series of instant-history narratives designed as entertainment—informative entertainment that draws on the techniques of personal journalism and an impressive amount of research.

The parade of *belles dames* who sweep through these pages is as variegated as the human race itself. So are their royal lovers, who endowed the ladies with their historical immortality and who by any odds should have had first billing in the title. More than passing strange were some of the pairings, such as that of Czar Alexander I and the worldling-turned-mystic Julie de Krüdener, whose influence on the psychologically baffling Alexander has left a trail of conjecture ranging from the venomous to the awesomely reverential. Or the bizarre liaison initiated by sixty-five-year-old Leopold II, *le roi des Belges et des belles*, with sixteen-year-old Caroline Delacroix. At seventy-four this disreputable king, whose morals were considered worse only than his manners, married his still-adored duckling. Then there is the thrice-told tale of the fake-Spanish enchantress Lola Montez and her tempestuous capers with the amiably dotty Ludwig of Bavaria. Less antic, but bad news for all concerned, was Napoleon III's affair with the gorgeous Countess Castiglione, a vain, ambition-consumed meddler who didn't know when to stop.



In fact, the only lovers among the score in these annals who emerge as unassailably ennobled by their union are Czar Alexander II and Princess Katherine Dolgoruky, whose relationship weathered the depredations of time and tongues for fourteen years, until it was ended by an assassin's bomb. In telling their story Mrs. Kelen not only exercises an accomplished sensibility but puts her historical knowledge to more serious use by elucidating the Byzantine complexities of the czardom in a crucial period.

For the most part, however, the author wears her scholarship with a decidedly jaunty air. Occasionally she even comes on with a comic turn: the Habsburgs "were continually bursting into the limelight in a mad explosion of Mitzis, Fritzis, family jewels, furious archduchesses, irate innkeepers, faithful valets, and bad checks." Unfortunately her gift for pithy witticisms sometimes slips into outrageous facetiousness, as when she refers to "Count Nesselrode of pie fame."

But scholarly cachet isn't the aim of *The Mistresses*; a diverting view of some royal romances in the context of their time is, and this Betty Kelen has provided with a swinging sense of history with its pomp down.

An Old Acquaintance

Somerset and All the Maughams, *by Robin Maugham (New American Library. 270 pp. $5.95), reveals how strongly the celebrated novelist's work reflected his own early life. Stanley Weintraub, professor of English at Pennsylvania State University, portrayed Somerset Maugham's expatriate world in "Reggie," a biography of Reginald Turner.*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1945, William Somerset Maugham, then nearly seventy-one (and to live on for another twenty years), listened to a group of merrymakers raising their voices in *Auld Lang Syne*. When he heard people "singing that song in which they ask themselves the question 'should old acquaintance be forgot,'" he said crustily, "I can only tell you that my own answer is in the affirmative." Nevertheless, his nephew's book is a genealogical *Auld Lang Syne*, tracing the Maugham ancestry back through long-forgotten preachers, lawyers, and a barely literate eighteenth-century sailor whose letters make him the most interesting of the lot.

But it is the most famous Maugham who gives the book its value, and his presence pervades it; for Robin Maugham, a novelist himself, weaves biographical details about his irascible Uncle Willie into every chapter. The technique gives the book a kind of plot: the quest for Somerset and all the Maughams. The title comes from Noël Coward's song "Let's Do It." Ironically, the book appears at the same time as a new Coward play, *A Song at Twilight*, in which the playwright develops his unappealing yet poignant leading character from his old friend Somerset Maugham and plays the role himself.

Somerset and All the Maughams is more quarry than biography or critique. Through it Maugham's major novels are seen even more clearly than before as a reflection of his early life. His excessive devotion to his mother, who died when he was ten; his upbringing at Whitstable by a grim, clerical aunt and uncle (the "Blackstable" and the Careys in *Of Human Bondage*); the nearly unendurable stammer that he transformed into another kind of physical deformity in the same novel—all twisted his personality. They helped to make his brief marriage a dis-

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aster, and were a factor in his subsequent life of expatriate wandering, accompanied for twenty-five years by his debonair secretary-companion Gerald Haxton, an American who had been declared an "undesirable alien" in England.

"Blackstable" again appeared as the setting of much of *Cakes and Ale*, the great novel of Maugham's later years, ruthlessly based upon real Whitstable townspeople as well as upon two leading contemporary novelists, the recently dead Thomas Hardy and the best-selling Hugh Walpole (who was deeply hurt by the caricature). Robin Maugham also plumbs the medical-student background of his uncle's first novel, the Zolaesque *Liza of Lambeth* (1897), a landmark in English naturalism. Its success changed the direction of Maugham's life. He received his degree a few weeks after publication date, and then never practiced medicine.

One profession Maugham did practice (to the surprise of no reader of his *Ashenden* stories) was espionage, using his literary reputation as a cover. It took him from Switzerland to the South Pacific during World War I, and culminated in a mission to Petrograd. There, supplied with British and American government funds, he was supposed to help the Mensheviks buy arms and finance newspapers in order to keep Russia in the war on the Allied side and prevent the Bolsheviks from overthrowing Kerensky. His failure was one Maugham regretted all his life.

Born in Paris in the extraterritorial sanctity of the British Embassy, Maugham also died in France, deep in a senile decline that withered his appreciation of the baronial Riviera estate his huge earnings as a writer had made possible. Yet even in his nineties there were still a few sparks of his mordant wit left. "Dying," he told his nephew, a rare smile crossing his enseamed face, "is a very dull, dreary affair. And my advice to you is to have nothing whatever to do with it."

Sex, Morality, and Society

***The Erotic Minorities,** by Lars Ullerstam, translated from the Swedish by Anselm Hollo (Grove. 172 pp. $6), attempts to draw up a "bill of rights" for sexual deviants. Robert J. Levin is articles editor for Redbook.*

By ROBERT J. LEVIN

HERE is a book which created a sensation when it was published in Sweden in 1964 and in France in 1965. This seems difficult to understand. With their reputation for being more sexually enlightened than the people of most other countries, the Swedes and the French might reasonably have been expected to take it in stride. One might even have expected them to see it for what it is: an unintentional travesty of sex. *The Erotic Minorities* would be funny if it were not so sad.

In his preface, author Lars Ullerstam describes the book as "a plea for the erotic minorities"—by which he means all sexual deviants—and states his intention of attacking three misconceptions: (1) that the sexual deviant is an inferior human being; (2) that sexual deviations must always be the expression of mental disorders, and (3) that society must not help the deviate to achieve sexual pleasure. The preface concludes: "And finally, I hope this book will also meet various pornographic needs."

Anyone who pays $6 for this 172-page book to satisfy "pornographic needs" may justifiably complain to the Better Business Bureau about unwarranted claims. There is one chapter on "The Pornography Laws" which devotes approximately half its 5,000 words to quoting what we, as kids, called "the good parts" (from Henry Miller's *Sexus* and from *I Was a Master of the Art of Love*, by an unnamed Swedish author). But except for this material Dr. Ullerstam's tract will leave the reader in search of pornography completely frustrated.

The language alone is enough to frustrate anybody. For this, translator Anselm Hollo must share the blame. The prose is murky and pedantic; it is often necessary to read paragraphs more than once to determine what Dr. Ullerstam is trying to say. An unfortunately petulant tone underlies much of the book,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SUBTITLES

Lists of books and plays with subtitles have been submitted by Peggy Kelbley of Athens, Ohio, and Carl E. Walker of St. Mary's City, Md., who invite you to untangle the linkages given below and assign the right author to each. Harmony reigns on page 61.

1. *All for Love: or The Mistakes of a Night* ( )	Cabell ( )
2. *The Fair Maid of Perth: A Girl of the Streets* ( )	Crane ( )
3. *Look Homeward, Angel: A Tale of the Christ* ( )	Defoe ( )
4. *She Stoops to Conquer: or Life Among the Lowly* ( )	Dryden ( )
5. *Pamela: or The World Well Lost* ( )	Eliot ( )
6. *Ben Hur: A Study of Provincial Life* ( )	Fielding ( )
7. *Vanity Fair: A Story of the Buried Life* ( )	Goldsmith ( )
8. *Uncle Tom's Cabin: A Memoir in the Form of a Novel* ( )	Richardson ( )
9. *Twelfth Night: or St. Valentine's Day* ( )	Santayana ( )
10. *The Tragedy of Tragedies: A Novel Without a Hero* ( )	Scott ( )
11. *Roxana: or Virtue Rewarded* ( )	Shakespeare ( )
12. *Jurgen: or The Life and Death of Tom Thumb* ( )	Stowe ( )
13. *The Last Puritan: or The Fortunate Mistress* ( )	Thackeray ( )
14. *Maggie: A Comedy of Justice* ( )	Wallace ( )
15. *Middlemarch: or What You Will* ( )	Wolfe ( )

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and more than once the author sounds ironically like a preacher.

He writes: "I want to appeal to my readers: the next time you see a self-exposer [genital exhibitionist] in action, do regard him as a fellow human being, not as a leper! Try to comprehend the touching and pathetic elements of his behavior! Above all, do not report him to the police—nothing but harm can come of that!"

As well as anything else in the book, this passage illustrates the exasperating nature of *The Erotic Minorities*. Most enlightened people today would agree that the exhibitionist is a human being whose behavior cannot be adequately dealt with by the police. How such behavior should be treated, by whom, are subjects that merit intelligent public discussion, and Dr. Ullerstam's book might have been expected to contribute to such a discussion.

Instead, the author – who holds a degree in philosophy and is also a physician – abandons all objectivity in approaching the problem, and ends the passage quoted above with a plea based not on logic but magic. "We ought to allow our fellow human beings," he urges, "the beneficial magic of the exhibitionistic rite." Behind the gobbledygook term "exhibitionistic rite" lies the ugly reality: a grown man exposing himself to a little girl. Beneficial magic, indeed.

Rarely does it occur to Lars Ullerstam that the innocent victim of a sexual deviate's behavior is also a human being—often a very young one—who may need protection as much as the deviate needs gratification. To avoid taking this fact into account the author occasionally twists his highly flexible line of reasoning into a pretzel.

In writing about homosexuality, for example, he objects to the distinction made by Swedish law, which permits heterosexual intercourse at fifteen but does not allow homosexual contacts until the age of eighteen. He acknowledges that the intention of the Swedish lawmakers "is to protect the young boy from homosexual seducers during the period in which his sexual life has not yet become stabilized." But to Dr. Ullerstam this seems unfair because "it causes the homophiles [homosexuals] greater suffering than would appear at first sight [since] youths between fifteen and eighteen are often the most attractive and most available objects for the homosexual urge."

The author next asserts that "it is very doubtful whether a seduction can cause the formation of a permanent homosexual urge." Then, after admitting that "seduction may become the starting point for a homosexual career," he maintains that this fails to prove "that the 'seduced' person would not have become a homosexual if that event hadn't taken place." And even if homosexual seduction of a young boy is responsible for making him a deviate, Lars Ullerstam argues, would this necessarily be to his disadvantage? "Quite the contrary, could not this conversion prove to be a most fortunate event in his life? He is, after all, broadening the range of his ability to pleasure, and a whole new sex is suddenly put at his disposal. Perhaps the seduction saves the youth from lifelong misery as an impotent husband."

After such a section, a reader may understandably begin to wonder whether the book is intended as a satire. How else can an intelligent person reconcile the staggering nonsense inherent in the notion that making a young boy into a homosexual may save him from the very misery the transformation itself causes?

In his defense of sexual perversions Ullerstam tilts his lance at many a windmill, and one of them is psychiatry. He sees psychoanalysis as "a branch on the great tree of puritanism." Having totally rejected any possibility that sexual deviations may be the expression of emotional disorders, Dr. Ullerstam is free to call such a view a "prejudice." This then becomes a convenient club to use; psychiatrists, the reader is told, "cherish" this prejudice.

"If anyone happens to believe," Dr. Ullerstam writes, "that psychiatrists view these questions [about sexual deviations] in a scientific manner, it may be worth his while to observe how they duplicate . . . the theologians' and legislators' conceptions of the sinfulness or criminality of certain patterns of sexual behavior—they have simply changed the label."

There is something ludicrous about this. In the very sentence in which Lars Ullerstam attacks psychiatrists for being unscientific, he indulges in the kind of sweeping generalization that is the antithesis of the scientific approach. Some psychiatrists may not have a scientific approach to sexual problems; perhaps many do not; it might even be argued that most do not—but *all* psychiatrists?

It would be easy enough to dismiss *The Erotic Minorities* as an affront to one's sense of reason. But the fault goes deeper than that.

For one thing, this is a book that views sex as a mechanical act. Despite its "daring" defense of sexual perversions, it is a throwback to an earlier stage of development, in which love and affection play no part. Individuals are objects, each to be used by the other. Logically, therefore, brothels are Dr. Ullerstam's solution to most of the problems of the erotic minorities. The sadist can find a woman to beat; the necrophile can be supplied not with a corpse but with a prostitute who will act like one; and there will even be mobile brothels to accommodate the hospitalized, the paralyzed, the insane, and the aged. "The employees of these mobile brothels," writes Lars Ullerstam, "should be called erotic samaritans and held in great esteem."

IN the end, the author seems to have completely discarded rationality as the basis for his plea on behalf of deviants. "Of all forms of sexual intercourse," he asserts, "the heterosexual kind certainly is the most dangerous, having the greatest potential risks in social consequences." (This elephantine language means only, of course, that men and women making love can create babies, and what about overpopulation?) "Would it not be better," the author argues, "if we encouraged people to 'perversions' instead . . . ? Would it not . . . in the long run prove a solution to the problem of overpopulation?"

It strains a reader's credulity to believe that a physician could seriously make such a nonsensical suggestion, if only because it means that either Dr. Ullerstam is abysmally ignorant of the swift development of birth control methods, or that in pretending concern about overpopulation he finds another excuse to wave the banner of sexual perversion and thus make clear that he takes the reader for a fool.

The final charge to be leveled against *The Erotic Minorities* is that it turns out to be a cruel disservice to the very individuals whom Dr. Ullerstam insists he wants to help, the sexual deviates. Dr. Ullerstam's basic question deserves serious consideration: Why should not those who "deviate" from the sexual norm (in the statistical sense) be permitted gratification, as long as their relationships involve equals and are freely chosen? But the book boomerangs. Instead of presenting the problem with insight, intelligence, and compassion, the author caricatures matters and succeeds only in alienating the reader.

It is as though Lars Ullerstam were a lawyer who volunteered to defend an innocent man against a charge of murder and then, by the excesses of his plea, convinced the jury that the accused must be guilty of the crime. The tragedy is that when sentence is passed, the wrong man is punished.

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Blue Mood from Brazil

Plantation Boy, *by José Lins do Rêgo, translated from the Portuguese by Emmi Baum (Knopf. 528 pp. $6.95), comprising the first three novels in the author's autobiographical "Sugar-Cane Cycle," recreates life on a Brazilian plantation in the early years of this century. Donald A. Yates, who teaches at Michigan State University, is general editor of the Macmillan Modern Spanish-American Literature Series.*

By DONALD A. YATES

THE NORTHEAST area of Brazil offers one of the most interesting parallels, amidst numerous contrasts, between Brazilian social and economic development and that of the United States. A broad expanse of land, stretching north and south between the eastern coastal cities of Recife and Bahía, early became established as the center of the country's sugar-cane production. Around that single crop there sprang up a plantation system of land cultivation based, as were the Southern U.S. cotton plantations, on Negro slavery. (The subsequent history of the Negro in the two cultures, of course, leads away from the parallel and produces another contrast.)

The Brazilian plantation operation rooted in a master-slave relationship is now as much a part of the past as the elegant slave-tended mansion of our own South; but the mood and the realistic detail of that period were captured by the Brazilian author José Lins do Rêgo in a celebrated series of five novels, his so-called Sugar-Cane Cycle.

Here in one volume, impressively translated from the Portuguese by Emmi Baum, are the first three novels of the Cycle: *Plantation Boy* (1932), *Doidinho* (1933), and *Bangüê* (1934). Lins do Rêgo, who died in 1937, published a total of twelve novels, but it is those of the Cycle for which he seems destined to be remembered. They are surely to a large extent autobiographical, especially the first two. The author lived, as did his young protagonist, Carlos de Melo, on his grandfather's plantation, and we know that many of the incidents recounted in the novels were actual experiences of his youth.

The principal merit of the first novel, *Plantation Boy*, is Lins do Rêgo's brilliant evocation of the milieu of the Santa Rosa plantation run by Carlos's grandfather, Colonel José Paulino. The following lines indicate the simplicity and vividness of the author's style:

> We passed the homes of the sharecroppers, their doors still closed; the men, naked from the waist up, would look to see what the weather was going to be like, while their children and their wives curled up in the straw beds, where they found little enough warmth. The jasmine blossoms growing out of the waterspouts alongside the houses gave off a lovely odor in the cool morning air. Dust-covered chickens were still perched on their roosts, too lazy to leave their houses. In a little while the sun's rays began to shine across the fields, warming the leaves of the sugar cane, wet from the morning dew.

The novel has no real plot, but is composed rather of a group of brief sketches of people, places, and experiences, as viewed by Carlos. The latter is not a heroic figure: he is asthmatic, weak-willed, and a loner. Sex takes an early and disturbing grasp on his imagination. The novel ends as he departs for schooling away from home, convinced that he is morally and intellectually an inferior boy.

Doidinho, which deals with Carlos's years at the Institute of Our Lady of Carmo, documents the slow emergence of his adolescent personality. He turns out to be a moody student, given to impulsive responses to his sexual urges. Without any close friends among his classmates, constantly held down by the dictatorial headmaster, Maciel, Carlos fails to venture out of his shell and gain some degree of confidence in himself. His ultimate attitude is one of indifference. After the death of his father in a mental institution, Carlos endures a period of utter melancholy, and eventually runs away from the school to return to Santa Rosa.

IF *Doidinho* is the least engrossing of the three novels, *Bangüê* is both the most dramatic and the most effectively executed. In this there is a gathering of tensions and conflicts around Carlos, now twenty-four and a graduate of the Law School at Recife, that brings his few strengths and many weaknesses to trial.

In *Bangüê*, Carlos's grandfather, Colonel Paulino, has begun to show signs of senility, but even as a tottering old man he keeps the sugar plantation productive and in good order. It is his hope that the indolent Carlos will eventually

(*Continued on page* 34)

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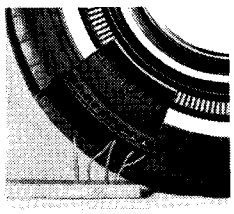

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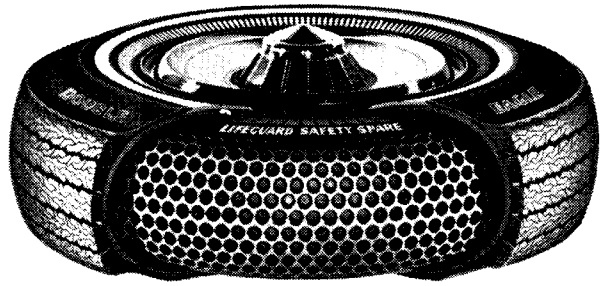

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(*Continued from page* 31)
take over Santa Rosa. However, Carlos has a love affair with a cousin's wife who comes to live for a while at Santa Rosa; at first this buoys him up and stirs his ambition, but when she returns home with her husband it casts him into a fit of depression. It is a blow from which he never recovers; she becomes the constant obsession of his sleeping and waking hours.

AFTER old Colonel Paulino dies, Carlos manages to retain control of Santa Rosa. He sets out, with no managerial ability whatever, to run the plantation productively; but the scheming of an aggressive mulatto tenant farmer, together with the acquisitiveness of a powerful monopolistic sugar refinery nearby, eventually loosen his grip on the declining family lands. A last-minute reprieve engineered by a wealthy uncle still leaves Carlos broken and totally alone.

No subscriber to the refined literary style of the Modernist tendency of his time, Lins do Rêgo wrote a direct, unadorned prose, characterized by the staccato quality observable in the lines cited above. Curiously, the monotony of the rhythm does not detract from the readability of the page.

The documentary value of these novels has long been recognized. However, it is the candidness and sincerity employed by the author in delineating the character of Carlos de Melo that give a human dimension to the Sugar-Cane Cycle. It is the presence of both aspects that accounts for the high regard in which these works are held by Brazilian critics. This new volume of Lins do Rêgo's prose in translation offers considerable support to the claim that he has been the foremost literary interpreter of Brazil's legendary Northeast.

Waking From a Nap On the Beach

By May Swenson

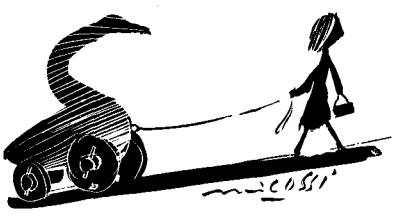
SOUNDS like big
rashers of bacon frying.
I look up from where I'm lying
expecting to see stripes

red and white. My eyes drop shut,
stunned by the sun.
Now the foam is flame, the long
troughs charcoal, but

still it chuckles and sizzles, it
burns and burns, it never gets done.
The sea is that
fat.

Girl in a Gilded Cage

__Trust,__ by Cynthia Ozick (New American Library. 568 pp. $7.95), chronicles a young heiress's search for her father through a world of high finance and policy-making. Elinor Baumbach frequently criticizes contemporary fiction.



By ELINOR BAUMBACH

READING Henry James is an exhilarating experience, but for a writer it can be a pernicious one. Because James undermines in the slyest way possible: he makes it seem a fall from grace for those under his spell to write in any other manner.

When Cynthia Ozick clears the Jamesian hurdles she has set for herself in her large first novel, *Trust*, we realize that she has a voice of her own, and that it is direct, poetic, inventive, playful, and, more often than not, full of wisdom. But first we must dismiss, as a dismal bore, a great part of the pseudo-Jamesian concerns of her book.

Mrs. Ozick offers a world of high finance, and policy-making, a world not entirely supported by the author's craft despite her verbal skill. Her young protagonist, presumably an heiress to great wealth, is seen at a college graduation; at an elaborately expensive party; at her mother's first husband's law office, a citadel of Protestant, Republican influence. Yet one never feels in any of these scenes the rustle, the weight of society—the particular density of texture—that make us accept the immensity of James's little moralities. If Mrs. Ozick's book were meant to be hallucinatory, or if she intended fantasy, all this would be irrelevant. But she does attempt to create a real, outer world, and the effort is transmitted to us as uneasy fantasy. For the truth of the matter is that Mrs. Ozick's boldly ironic tone undercuts the artificial problems she has created.

A great portion of the book concerns a situation which it is impossible to take seriously within its gilded setting. The nameless heroine has spent her life fruitlessly searching for a father. Her mother's first husband, the irreproachable WASP lawyer, thinks her tainted; her present stepfather will not accept her as a responsibility. Both Allegra (the mother) and Enoch Vand had been Communists in the 1930s. Now they want nothing but a small embassy in a remote South American country. However, if Congress is to pass Enoch's appointment, all breath of scandal touching the Vands must be squelched. A deal has been made about the Leftist past, but at this crucial moment Nick Tilbeck, the heroine's real father, who has been an unmentionable specter, demands to see his daughter. She has heard his voice but has never met him. She knows that her mother has been paying him, and, hating herself, she wonders why. Her faltering yet purposeful steps which lead to the heart of the mystery at last lead the book away from the spurious world of high society to a primal mystery—the Oedipal myth. Almost halfway through the novel, after one has lost all sympathy for the shrill Allegra's thrusting ambition and has been rather wryly amused by a Jamesian scene which reveals that the intelligent, wealthy young heroine is legally illegitimate (we should have such troubles!), we move on, thankfully, to the serious matter promised by the richness of the author's technique.

For the child finds the father, fittingly, on an island which is a self-contained world. He is young—certainly he had been too young for her mother—and still bears the mark of Dionysus. In a moment of sinuous poetry he touches his daughter sensually and she, made larger by her mythic response, begins to understand what her mother knew. When the heroine, not by accident, witnesses one of Nick's coldly carnal triumphs, she feels for a moment that the woman, her mother, and she herself are one. She has taken part in her own conception, and what is born is a new, insightful self.

In this densely populated book filled with characters and caricatures who insist upon their right to be endlessly clever with each other, only the heroine and her stepfather, Enoch Vand, achieve real life. His odyssey from ambition to theology is worldly but personal, and Mrs. Ozick handles it movingly. For she is a committed, serious writer, concerned with the world but also with the word. She has written an interesting and sometimes brilliant first novel.

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South America's Place in the Sun

Nationalism in Contemporary Latin America, *by Arthur P. Whitaker and David C. Jordan (Free Press, 229 pp. $6.95);* ***Nationalism in Latin America,*** *by Gerhard Masur (Macmillan, 278 pp. $5.95), and* ***The Red, White, and Black Continent: Latin America—Land of Reformers and Rebels,*** *by Herbert Wendt, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Doubleday, 526 pp. $6.95), deal with the efforts of the Latin republics to establish their own identity and their place in the community of nations. James Nelson Goodsell is Latin America editor of The Christian Science Monitor.*

By JAMES NELSON GOODSELL

BECAUSE of its diversity from country to country, and even within a country, nationalism has an elusive quality in Latin America, where, in the view of Arthur P. Whitaker and David C. Jordan, it "has become the greatest single force at work." Nationalism in the twenty "Latin" republics of the Western Hemisphere reflects in large measure the determination of millions of people "to improve their material well-being, to establish their own identity, and to attain greater status in the community of nations." In this frame of reference Professors Whitaker and Jordan analyze nationalism as it exists in Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Chile, Uruguay, Venezuela, Bolivia, and Cuba. The authors are at their best in describing the background of the Mexican and Bolivian revolutions and Brazil's movement toward great-power status.

They remark that in Mexico "the dominant nationalism . . . is restrained and progressive" and note that the nationalist consensus "is varied, even elastic." The revolution has allowed Mexicans "to dare to be themselves." A conclusion with which this reviewer heartily agrees. Professors Whitaker and Jordan have captured the essence of nationalist ferment not only as it exists in Mexico but also as it is similarly unfolding in many other Latin American countries.

Going over much the same ground, Gerhard Masur in *Nationalism in Latin America* traces the evolution of the movement from its early appearances to the present day. Written in clear, precise language, his book is perhaps better suited to the general reader than Whitaker and Jordan's.

There is significant variation between the two books. As example, Professor Masur deals at length with Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, which gives the nation the right at any time to impose on private property whatever measures may be dictated by the public interest. The Article has, for instance, been used frequently by Mexican leaders to exclude foreigners from the mineral and petroleum industries. Professors Whitaker and Jordan mention the Article in passing, but do not put it in the same context as Professor Masur.

Neither book is wholly satisfactory in its discussion of Cuba. Perhaps nationalism is too new a force there, and the Cuban Revolution led by Fidel Castro too uncertain a nationalist movement to fully characterize it. Professor Masur sees the Cuban experience in the light of certain traditional Latin American patterns; he argues that "Castro is as much a *caudillo* as was Perón" in Argentina—the strong man so familiar in Latin American history. But if neither book totally penetrates the Cuban reality of today, both agree that one thing is certain: "Cuba," as Mr. Masur writes, "will never be the same."

These two volumes are valuable additions to contemporary works on the hemisphere, exploring a theme that has until now been too little touched upon. They should serve future students of nationalism well.

In *The Red, White, and Black Continent* Herbert Wendt, a German writer, asserts that all Latin America is on the brink of a revolution which so far has occurred only in Bolivia, Mexico, and Cuba; and that a study of these three revolutions will indicate the course of future events in Latin America.

Mr. Wendt, in a particularly illuminating account, brings the story of Bolivia down to the present. He sees that country's developing strong man, General René Barrientos Ortuño—who overthrew Victor Paz Estenssoro, leader of Bolivia's rebellion—as "a child of the revolution." Barrientos, he writes, "cannot deny his past in spite of his antirevolutionary, antiunion, and antidemocratic measures." In a word, Mr. Wendt is suggesting that Barrientos is made of the same stuff as Paz Estenssoro and will eventually, if he remains in office, continue the Bolivian reforms begun by Paz Estenssoro. Bolivia's revolution has thus not been derailed, but taken down a slightly different track.

It is an interesting thesis, and may well prove more valid than the fears of many observers, this one included, that Barrientos will move Bolivia away from the revolutionary nationalism of the past decade. Mr. Wendt would argue that, once under way, nationalism cannot be stopped, just as it could not be stopped in Mexico.

Mr. Wendt regards the Mexican revolution as a permanent one; moreover, in his eyes, Cuba is following "exactly the same" revolutionary path as Mexico and Bolivia. This may be stretching the case a little, for Cuba has moved into the Soviet orbit while Mexico and Bolivia have not. Yet the thesis offers considerable grist for thought. As Mr. Wendt sees it, Premier Castro, "boycotted by the United States and outlawed by the Western world, has been driven into the arms of the Soviet Union, [while] Mexico and Bolivia have, after some vacillation, long since been accepted by the Western camp."

The real value of Mr. Wendt's book is in just such challenges to prevalent attitudes. His book is a fitting companion to the other two because of its emphasis on revolution and change, which in one way or another nationalism embraces throughout the hemisphere.

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Castilian Conquest

The Spanish Seaborne Empire, *by J. H. Parry (Knopf. 416 pp. $6.95), presents a detailed history of the Spanish-American colonial experience. John A. Crow is the author of "The Epic of Latin America."*

By JOHN A. CROW

"THE STORY of Spain and its empire is one of the most fascinating in the history of human society," writes J. H. Plumb in his introduction to this book, a volume in the series "The History of Human Society," of which Plumb is general editor. The author, the distinguished British historian J. H. Parry, is a meticulous scholar, and brings a wealth of information to bear on the subject. He traces the expansion of Christian Spain from its conquest of Moslem Andalusia (excepting Granada) in the thirteenth century. It was in Andalusia that Spanish Christians of many northern provinces and tongues had their first experience as conqueror-settlers, and it was here that they also forgot their regional differences, adopted the language of Castile, and took on the aggressiveness of the Castilian soldier. The new Spain thus created blended the cultural unity of medieval days with the idea of political unity that developed in the Renaissance.

The final triumph of Christian Spain over the Moslems of Granada in 1492 found the new nation at the zenith of her power. This dynamic and explosive force did not stop at the borders of the Iberian peninsula, but continued its drive into the wilderness of the New World, molding another Spain out of the lands and natives of a virgin continent. The symbiosis of Indian and Hispanic cultures is Parry's main subject.

A detailed analysis is given of the society of the conquest, the spreading of the faith, the enforcement of law in the colonies, and of the various economic policies established by the mother country. But the problems were too many, and in the end it was the Spanish governing class itself that declared for the colonies' independence when Napoleon invaded Spain in the early 1800s. What had been a relatively monolithic economic and political unit for three centuries was now suddenly fragmented along strictly regional lines. This Balkanization of Spanish America has given rise to many of the problems which still plague the area today.

Parry points out that "the whole system of native administration invited abuse." The colonial government made a laudable effort to redress grievances, but local avarice and corruption overrode every legal and moral endeavor. The extortion of tribute and labor became a condition of life; and, as everyone knows, in the end slave labor is the dearest of all to those who employ it. This cost Spain her economic health, and it cost her colonies their freedom when they became independent states.

The Spanish colonial society of *latifundia*, landlords, and day laborers was ill-equipped to function in a modern world dependent on technological progress. But one doubts that any other European nation could have done better; indeed, perhaps none would have done as well faced with similar difficulties. Parry describes them all: the problem of communication over vast and rugged distances; large unassimilated Indian populations speaking dozens of languages; constant attacks on the Spanish seaborne lifeline; the discovery of bonanza mines, which turned the colonial settlers from agriculture toward a mining economy. Thus was perpetuated the Midas dream of Spain, who found herself gripped by inflation and in debt to all the banking houses in Europe because of her crusade against Protestantism everywhere. The very maintenance of royal authority at home and influence abroad had come to depend on a steady flow of American bullion.

Parry points out that the kings of Spain received from a quarter to a third of the treasure from the New World; the remaining amount was the property of private firms and individuals. The chief effect of this influx of bullion was a rise in all commodity prices: "The general level of prices in Spain rose by about 400 per cent in the course of the sixteenth century." Wages lagged behind prices, and there was a general contempt for manual labor and for technological advances. "By the early seventeenth century these processes, together with heavy taxation, had raised Spanish costs and prices so far above those of the rest of Europe that all industry was discouraged. . . ."

There was improvement in the eighteenth century under the Bourbons. Baron Von Humboldt, who visited the colonies around 1800, reported a prosperous and enterprising society. But the main course of European events seemed to conspire against the survival of the Spanish seaborne empire: the North American Revolution, the French Revolution, the rise of Napoleon, the miserable state of the Spanish crown, the wars in Europe, the widespread dissemination of liberal and democratic ideas.

Though Parry's style unfortunately lacks luster, he tells the long, complex story with admirable balance. His work will undoubtedly become a standard source of reference for this fascinating period of human history.

The Week's New Books

Business, Economics

PLANT RELOCATION: A Case History of a Move. By Edmund S. Whitman and W. James Schmidt. American Management Association. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

ENTER CERTAIN MURDERERS. By Sara Woods. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Current Affairs

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH NATIONS: The Development Assistance Committee and the Common Aid Effort. By Seymour J. Rubin. Council on Foreign Relations-Harper & Row. $3.95.

INCIDENT AT EXETER: The Story of Unidentified Flying Objects Over America Today. By John G. Fuller. Putnam. $5.95.

STRATEGIC DEFENSES. By Stanley L. Englebardt. Crowell. $4.95.

THE UNCLEAN SKY: A Meteorologist Looks at Air Pollution. By Louis J. Battan. Doubleday. Paperback, $1.25.

Fiction

A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE LEARNING. By Nina Bawden. Harper & Row. $3.95.

OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE. By Fred Hoyle. Harper & Row. $3.95.

ONE MAN MUST DIE. By Jean Montaurier. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

SIBYL SUE BLUE. By Rosel George Brown. Doubleday. $3.95.

History

IMPERIAL CHINA: The Historical Background to the Modern Age. By Michael Loewe. Praeger. $10.

MISSION TO FRANCE, 1944-1953. By Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli (Pope John XXIII). Edited by Don Loris Capovilla. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

THE RIDDLE OF HISTORY: The Great Speculators from Vico to Freud. By Bruce Mazlish. Harper & Row. $10.95.

Literary History, Criticism

A GALAXY OF FATHERS. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday. $4.95.

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Religion, Philosophy

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EVIL AND THE GOD OF LOVE. By John Hick. Harper & Row. $6.95.

GOD BEYOND DOUBT: An Essay in the Philosophy of Religion. By Geddes MacGregor. Lippincott. $3.95.

HOPE FOR MAN: An Optimistic Philosophy and Guide to Self-Fulfillment. By Joshua Loth Liebman. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Kenya: Problems and Progress

Land may hold the key to the future.

***Kenyatta's Country,** by Richard Cox (Praeger. 203 pp. $5.95), examines the progress and problems of Kenya and its president. Charles Miller frequently writes on African affairs, which he has studied at firsthand.*

By CHARLES MILLER

IN 1960 Richard Cox went from Nigeria to Kenya as correspondent for the London *Sunday Times.* Four years later, on May 1, 1964, he was notified that he was a prohibited immigrant with twenty-four hours to leave the country. The reason: he had written a searching article on the then newly consummated union of Tanganyika and Zanzibar. The story contained nothing derogatory about Kenya, but Tanganyika took exception to it and the Kenya Minister of Information decided that was sufficient grounds for Cox's expulsion. "I don't care if he's not packed," this official is reported to have told an aide, "or if you have to turn other passengers off the flight. He's to leave now." Cox left.

It would be less than human not to feel at least a small degree of rancor over this sort of treatment, and Cox does indeed voice an occasional word of personal pique in *Kenyatta's Country,* an informal study of Kenya's progress and growing pains since it became independent. But the bitterness is extraordinarily mild, and at no time does Cox permit it to lead him astray from his objectives and objectivity as a reporter. He has in fact written a conspicuously well-balanced, well-informed, and lucid assessment which not only gives the general reader a first-rate introduction to present-day Kenya but offers valuable insights for people whose knowledge of the country is intimate.

Considering its economic insignificance (it is one of the few countries of tropical Africa that boast no mineral wealth), Kenya might sometimes appear to receive a disproportionate amount of world attention. But Kenya also happens to be saddled with at least three uniquely perplexing dilemmas, the resolution of which may prove to have great weight in the shaping of future attitudes and policies throughout Africa.

To begin with, there is the country's vest-pocket Vietnam, which Cox calls "one of the most explosive border disputes in the whole continent." This clash arises from the claim of the neighboring Somali Republic that some 50,000 square miles of Kenya territory belong by rights within the boundaries of a "Greater Somalia." Although no formal state of war exists between the two countries, bands of Somali guerrillas, euphemistically called *shifta* (bandits), have over the past several years turned most of Kenya's desolate Northeast Province into a battleground no less potentially threatening to African unity than the Congo in 1961 (especially if oil should be found in the region).

Then there is Kenya's peculiar situation as the only black African state with a large non-African population. Thousands of British and Indians who have lived in Kenya all their lives are quite aware that independence has by no means obliterated African resentment of their formerly privileged status, and they feel a justifiable uneasiness over their future in a country that can still heed the appeal of the fire-eater. These two "immigrant communities" are in Kenya on sufferance, as Cox notes, and their departure, should an accelerated racialism make things too difficult, would be calamitous. This is not simply because Kenya can't do without British and Indian enterprise and skills; far more tragic would be the setback to the country's proud and oft-proclaimed goal as a model of racial harmony for all Africa.

Finally, Kenya is gnawed at by the land. While not an exclusively Kenyan headache, land may well hold the key to the country's future, since it provides Kenya with its only source of revenue worth mentioning: a small but surpassing high-quality agricultural production. After independence, a large number of superbly managed European farms in the temperate, fertile "White Highlands" regions were broken up and sold to African cultivators; as a result there have been many serious crop shortfalls. The country, Cox declares, simply can't afford the luxury of this kind of fragmentation: "The seven-acre plot is out of date in Kenya . . . It cannot benefit from any of the economies of large-scale production which is what Kenya desperately needs if she is to feed, clothe, educate, and employ a population increasing at 4 per cent per annum and half of which is now under eighteen years old." In other words, continued misuse of the land could bring on economic collapse.

Over these three crises in the making looms the burly figure and reassuring leadership of Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta, who, since his release in 1961 from a seven-year detention by the British (a Sacco-Vanzetti-like trial found him guilty of "managing" Mau Mau), has rapidly emerged as one of the most able and mature statesmen on the world scene. The forbearance – and genuine friendship—which he has shown toward Kenya's whites and Indians might well be emulated by the leaders of more than one "advanced" nation. But Kenyatta's real achievement has been to almost literally reshape his country's collective attitude, once expressed in the militant rallying cry *"uhuru"* (freedom) and now finding voice in the less pugnacious but equally earnest *"harambee"* (pull together). You don't hear much *"uhuru"* in Kenya these days (after all, they've got it), but you hear a lot of *"harambee,"* because it is a very real thing to the Kenyan people, for whom slogans often carry the authority of a law and the in-

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spiration of a sermon. If Kenyatta can keep it alive—and if he can pursue a cautious Somali policy, and hold the antiwhite hotheads in line, and bring about major land reforms—Kenya may yet set the standards of stability for all African nations. Thus far, Kenyatta's efforts along these lines have met with uncommon success, but he is an old man and not a few ambitious politicians (some quite unprincipled) are already jockeying for the heir-apparent position. The struggle for Kenya's leadership, when it comes, will be bitter. It could be bloody.

Cox appears to feel that Kenya's ills are too much even for the wisest and most experienced to cope with, and makes no bones about his opinion that the very people who might keep the country's head above water—the British and Indians—will in all probability be forced to play a steadily diminishing role in political and economic affairs. He sees perilously divisive forces materializing as the Kenya power struggle gathers momentum. (If the book can be said to have a villain, it is Vice President Oginga Odinga, a leading contender for Kenyatta's post and a spellbinder of enormous influence who has never made any secret of his Communist ties.) Significantly, Cox leaves only partly answered the central question of Kenya's readiness to go all-out in the development of the whole country, not just the fertile regions: "The acid test of a government's intentions is whether it continues to put capital into backward areas for the overall good of the community, knowing that the money will never earn a commercially acceptable return. In Kenya, it is particularly vital that it should do so because the gap between the advanced and the backward tribes is widening in much the same inexorable way as the gap between the developed and underdeveloped nations widens."

The picture isn't painted entirely in somber hues, especially when the "good guys"—the most moderate and usually the most able of Kenya's younger leaders—come under the spotlight. Cabinet officers of the caliber of Vice

(*Continued on page* 46)

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—*Allen W. Dulles*

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The Good Treason

By Alexander Laing

"We must have a new dictionary, and the definition of this much abused word must be: 'Treason, the rope by which the real traitors seek to hang those who resist them.'"
—Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1856

CAN this baboon, intent on un-America,
builder of his own cage,
know you at all, my country:
memory's hot, quick pride?
Listen, baboon—

Once, in a school pageant, when I was a child,
on blistering Split Rock Road, I was Nathan Hale.
I stood in Nathan's very own hempen collar
(all ropes being one rope to the cry of SPY).
The scratch of his good treason ringed my throat.
Thank you, my country,
for the turncoat schoolmaster
who instructed me in the fiber of this devotion
when he did your dirty work as you were born.

No thanks for Benedict Arnold. None
for his closed parenthesis of double treason
scrawled like a broken cipher on your first page—

but for all your earliest, your irrepressible
printers, thank you—
for wild Matt Lyon, jailed when he shot small pica
at a president's regal britches.
Thanks especially
for your raffish Green Mountaineers
who straightaway voted their seditious Lyon
back into Congress
out of his freezing jail—

and also for your Harvard clergyman
Tom Higginson,
accessory before the fact of treason,
humming a hymn,
cuddling his new Sharp's rifle,
breaking your evil laws,
preaching dissension across murderous Kanzas,
his saddlebags fat with gold for slavery's murderer,
vast John Brown.

Thank you, on the balance, for John Brown—

and even more for the Conscience Whig,
Charles Sumner,
remote child of the immaculate virgin, Antigone—
Sumner, who stared through Webster's murky bargain
straight to the higher law.

No thanks (perhaps a pardon) for Black Dan.

No thanks (despite your pardon) for Robert E. Lee,
who took his oath to defend you,
took your instruction, high above the Hudson,
took your pay,
and turned to lunge so courteously at your heart.

Your man? Your best gray symbol? My poor baboon,
did you not know?
It is only the kind cause, ever,
makes the good treason.

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Folklórico in Acapulco

Acapulco, Mexico.

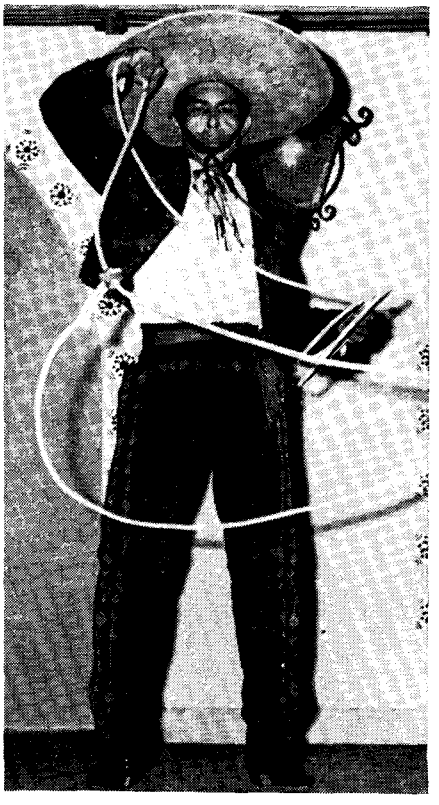
According to its world-wide reputation, there should be nothing for an itinerant music critic to audition hereabouts save the nightclub combos, the strolling vocal trios, and, of course, the restless sound of the surf breaking on the beaches that ring the bay. But this would reckon without the influence of the National Institute of Fine Arts, and its sustained effort that has put the word *folklórico* into the language of dance devotees everywhere.

When the company headed by Amalia Hernandez was first reported upon in these pages [*SR*, Sept. 21, 1962] it was making its initial United States appearance at the Hollywood Bowl. Nothing could be in greater contrast to that than the recent evening spent in the presence of its local counterpart, the Ballet Folklórico Acapulco. It was performing in an area designated as a "theater," but which was, in fact, more like a patio, or to speak the truth clearly, somebody's backyard. Barely a block from the Costera Miguel Alemán and its files of luxury hotels, it could as well be off in the darkened hills that rise up behind the bay. It offers a squared-off area of which the stage platform forms one end, and stone walls form the other three. With the sky for a ceiling, the occupants of the straightbacked chairs at the twenty or so tables scattered about the area were already on the brink of a pleasant midnight (curtain time is 11:15 p.m.), come what may.

What came, under the artistic direction of Lidia Torres Fernández, was another manifestation of the riches of song and dance that abound in this country. The repertory runs a gamut of thirty-odd dances from ten states of the Federal Republic, and includes a generous sampling of the *jarabes, sons* and *zapateados* which are familiar from the repertory of Spanish-derived dance companies generally. What was rather more unusual, and characteristic of the humor in this particular one, was *La Tortuga,* an attractive invention based on a folk-dance of Oaxaca, home of the Zapotec-Mixtec civilizations. It derives from the movements of the turtle (an animal venerated in these parts), culminating in a sequence of neck-thrusts and head-bobbings.

Ensemble is a word that comes naturally in speaking of the Folklórico Acapulco, for its complement of fourteen operates as a team, with little sign of rank or distinction among the performers. Its economic resources are obviously limited, but not its artistic ingenuity—in costuming that ranges from the enormous plumed headdresses appropriate to *Los Quetzales* to the atmospheric native garb for *La Bamba* or the execution itself, which is thoroughly professional. As for scenery, there was an occasional colored slide projection to show the locale of a particular dance, of a sort that might be seen anywhere. Special to this locale were the spreading fronds of the coconut palms which towered over the wall at stage rear, a bit of "scenery" that would have to be seen here or not at all.

As a supplement to the dances, the program also offered occasional *Canciones Mexicanas* by the rhythmically gifted Rosa Torres, and the special talents of José Saucedo, a *floreador de reata.* What that means, basically, is that Señor Saucedo is an exponent of the *vaquero* art of rope twirling. What makes him something more than the Mexican version of the cowboy virtuosi who used to be seen on the B. F. Keith circuit and entitles him to expound the *Floreo de Reata,* "poetry of the rope," is the control that stems from a ball-bearing-jointed wrist, plus the agility to perform dance steps in and out of the whirling loop. Saucedo is also a member of the dancing ensemble, which would seem to make him a natural for the Ed Sullivan show.



José Saucedo.

Music for the whole evening's fare came from recordings raucous enough to be real. This, however, could change with the greater resources that come with success, as might the whole likeness of the company when—as it eventually must—it turns up on the North American college circuit or as an attraction of the Civic-Community concert series order. In the meantime, it could well use some local assistance, which would seem easily within the economic resources of this flourishing community.

Meanwhile, in Mexico City, the "big" Folklórico continues to flourish, with performances at the Palacio de Bellas Artes morning, noon, and night on Sundays, and an evening performance on Wednesday. In addition to observing in action the famous *Glass Curtain by Tiffany,* with its depiction of rain, volcanic eruptions, and other natural phenomena, the visitor is guaranteed such specialities as *Children of the Sun* and *Christmas in Jalisco,* plus a revolving repertory chosen from *Sugar Harvest in Tamaulipas, Murals of Mexico,* etc.

Successful as she has been with her venture, which will be seen in the States again next spring with a gala engagement at the new Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center among other places, Señora Hernandez is far from out of projects. Topping the list is a scheme for a *Ballet of the Americas,* which will enlist the official cooperation of other countries above and below the Mexican borders. Javier Francis of Canada and our own Agnes de Mille have been invited to participate; likewise Evelia Beristein, a Mexican dancer now resident in Venezuela, plus choreographers from Panama and Brazil.

In the further future, but still close enough to be under active discussion, is the responsibility vested in the Ballet Folklórico de México to officially open the Olympic games of 1968, a "spectacular" in the Plaza of the Moon in the archeological site of Teotihuacán. Dramatic themes, costumes, and choreography will relate to its murals.

Reverting to the local Folklórico, it was observable that the program was devoid of anything from the state of Guerrero, of which Acapulco is a part. Perhaps its climatic conditions inhibit the kind of animation that goes into folk dancing, but when Señora Fernández wears out the attractions of the other states, she might investigate the state of motion that prevails in some of the air-conditioned beachfront clubs of the "Whisky a Go-Go" type. The frug or watusi might yield little, but the one called the monkey might be an apt complement to *La Tortuga.*

—Irving Kolodin.

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At Home with the Burtons

ERNEST LEHMAN'S screen version of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* seems to have the dual aim of reproducing a considerable amount of the play's dialogue as unaltered as possible, and at the same time reducing the story to a life-size study of two afflicted, loving people who reach a new understanding through a night of drunken quarreling.

Under Mike Nichols's direction, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, who play George and Martha, suggest a marital relationship that is friendly and vulnerable, as they stroll peacefully across the campus to their cluttered home. As a drama critic, I was struck by the fact that where the play immediately pitched the battle lines between two equal antagonists, the film's initial congeniality prepares us for a case study of a sado-masochistic marriage in which a happily henpecked husband enjoys the punishment meted out by his blatantly bitchy wife.

Contrasted to George and Martha are the young professor, Nick, and his wife, Honey. Whereas in the play Nick was smug and Honey was vapid, their movie counterparts as played by George Segal and Sandy Dennis simply seem reasonable people understandably embarrassed by the private fight they have wandered into. They are witnesses more than they are participants.

For a long time there is no contest as the powerful Martha exhibits her

domination of the docile George. She is all noise and coarseness, and he is all patient suffering. Soon this unrelenting display of her shouting and his wincing loses dramatic effectiveness, and the welcome relief we feel at the occasional quiet makes us long for our own beds.

What is wrong? In the play, we recognized in each surgically precise line one part of a total mosaic the author was assembling in front of us. Because we saw the whole action in long shot, a large total mystery held us fascinated, while we listened intently to verbal imagery and patterns. In the film, the camera focuses on a rapidly changing series of visual images mostly in closeup. Thus our concentration shifts from where the ear would have it go to where the eye leads it.

For instance, when George recalls the incident of his youth in which a boy ordered "bourgin" at a speakeasy, the same speech that onstage conjured up so rich and vivid a memory, now is synchronized with a full screen closeup of George's face, so that the personal sadness the words generate in him commands our major interest. Later, another beautiful speech in which George bemoans the degeneration of the English language is made ineffective because the camera is focused on extraneous action by Nick.

In general, this cinematographic failure to coordinate aural and visual dramatically turns everything into an uphill grind. Desperately, the film fights to hold our attention by varying the background from room to room, out into the front yard, and even to a roadhouse where the protagonists go to dance. Finally, when dawn somewhat too abruptly arrives the mood relaxes to give us a simple picture of George and Martha clasping each other's hands as Alex North's romantic music ushers them into a new era of marital health.

Mr. Burton enacts George as a meek, bespectacled figure, with a splendid sense of quiet desperation. Miss Taylor is unsparingly coarse and deeply emotional throughout. If her outpourings of abuse are not terribly varied in delivery, they are genuinely powerful and in character. One cannot help being moved when she looks back at her past maltreatment of her husband and admits her inability to control her destructiveness. And both Burton and Miss Taylor are excellent in the movie's best scene, the all-out brawl in front of the flashing lights of the roadhouse.

Admirable, too, is the film's determination to be adult and keep the play's salty dialogue mostly intact. However, there are small changes about which one wonders, such as replacement of the "Screw you!" epithet that accidentally greets the arriving guests, with "God damn you!" This is particularly puzzling since later on the film dares use the same five-letter verb in its more physical sense.

That *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* should be less satisfactory as a motion picture than it was as a play is perhaps to be expected. Furthermore, our disappointment is tempered with recognition that for all its faults, it does represent a vital extension of the boundaries that restrict Hollywood moviemaking and succeeds at least in leaving us with the impression of having experienced the painful realities of Albee's purgative party. —HENRY HEWES.

The Escape Artist

(for Will Desmond)

By David Wagoner

IN the middle of the crowd, they're strapping him into it,
Straining and buckling as if over a madman.
Through the tapering, cuffless sleeves of the strait-jacket
He hugs himself to keep his body waiting.
The crane hums loudly between the office buildings
And hoists, by its cable,
The heavy hook between the straps at his ankles.
He smiles Goodbye, Goodbye, going upside down,
Red in the face, his hair standing on end.
The crowd below makes room for a mistake.

Hooked in the clear sky, he dangles
Like something restless dreaming about flying.
Inside the canvas, suddenly his forearms
Wrestling his sidling shoulders, his raw neck heaving
And doubling, everything writhing—his head comes breaching out
From the crooks of his elbows,
The buckles parting; his chest and arms break free
And he hangs flapping, a wet, half-folded moth.

From the street, nervous advice. Someone baits him.
Flashguns. Mouths gape as if being fed.
He peels himself, dropping the empty jacket.
The sweat rolls up his face and into his eyes
Like tears coming backward; his smile is wrong side up.
Slowly the cable lowers him on the hook,
Putting him back where he was, among us.

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A Welcome Departure

STRATFORD, CONN.

NOW THAT Jean Anouilh has made Thomas Becket's path to martyrdom entertaining and reasonably convincing to skeptical contemporary audiences, it is interesting to return to the late T. S. Eliot's 1935 play on the subject, *Murder in the Cathedral*. Partly because of the change in our attitudes, and partly because it was written at a time when the great poet had just begun to try his hand at playwriting, one would expect to find the play dated and awkward. It is therefore surprising to find John Houseman's American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy production in good part extremely absorbing.

Is the chorus of townspeople, a device somewhat too consciously uprooted from ancient Greece, a hardworking failure? Perhaps, for what it is supposed to do is to represent the common people who can witness but not take part in a large action and, as such, contrast with the doers and thinkers of this world. While Pearl Lang's choreography and the parcelling out of various lines to different actresses do break up the artificial formality, the more passion they put into their lament, the more noble they sound, and as a result the more they defeat their purpose. Yet they do speak clearly, and here and there we catch a memorable phrase or image.

"Living and partly living" economically describes a universal malaise. "Several girls have disappeared unaccountably" parodies the British way of treating barbarism as impropriety. And their final admission that the people fear God so much that they are willing to live with the less frightening if horrible manifestations of man, is an interesting explanation of the world's corruption.

Fortunately, Eliot's genuine curiosity about what it must have been like for Becket, the man, to face martyrdom makes that part of the play more compelling than the frequently verbose recountings of the chorus. At the beginning we meet a troubled Becket whose only task is to die perfectly. And Eliot knew that faith and ritual, courage and nobility, were in themselves insufficient guarantees of a perfect death.

First, Becket must become aware of the most tempting alternatives and decide that they are not for him. Here Eliot uses the device of tempters who try to lure Becket from his course. One suggests that Becket could experience a return to the pleasureful life he knew before he became Archbishop. Becket replies, "In the life of one man, never the same returns . . . only the fool fixed in his folly may think he can turn the wheel on which he turns." Yet Becket privately acknowledges that this temptation has awakened dead thoughts to complicate his concentration.

A second tempter offers his old job as Chancellor with the chance to build a well-ordered world. Becket replies. "Those who put their faith in worldly order not controlled by the order of God, in ignorant confidence, but arrest disorder, make it fast. . . ." A third tempter invites him to unite with the barons and foreign kings against the king who is about to have him murdered. But Becket rejects this, preferring to be thrown to one hungry appetite instead of to a thousand. The final tempter is the hardest to resist. He would have Becket enjoy the glory of his coming status in Heaven where he will be exalted while his enemies are tortured.

Clearly, if one literally believes this conventional view of God, heaven and hell, there is a dilemma: How to disregard the huge reward and still to take the action that will reap it? This is the fascinating problem of this play.

Eliot's cryptic answer is, "Those who serve a greater cause may make the cause serve them, still doing right: and striving with political men may make that cause political, not by what they do but by what they are." This suggests that the highest goal for any man must be not the achieving of ends (though that doesn't necessarily damn him either), but the becoming of truer and more infinitely compassionate beings for no other reason than the ecstasy of being in that state. One must act not "in order to" but because one senses its rightness. For Eliot that can be translated into "the figure of God's purpose" being "made complete." And he adds the suggestion that this can only come to a man in flashes remembered as unreal, since "human kind cannot bear very much reality."

All this comes across magnificently in Joseph Wiseman's intensely lucid performance, which includes a sharply controlled reading of Becket's actual final sermon to his parishioners, in which he explains that the uniqueness of a martyr is that we can simultaneously mourn and rejoice his death. Effective, too, is the comic epilogue in which the four murdering barons address the audience, pleading that theirs was a "disinterested act," which will only gain them banishment, and that it will lead to the greater welfare of the State, a welfare which ensuing generations will approve. As we laugh we see deeper into a problem that has become more acute since this play was written. It is how to preserve human decency if the Church is placed at the service of governments.

Murder in the Cathedral is also successful in using the huge Stratford stage, as David Hays's stained-glass arches shut out the large expanse of empty background, while Tharon Musser's use of pools of light leaves the excess forward areas in darkness. Let us hope that in the years ahead this example will lead to better and more contemporaneously vital adventures, with even less reliance on presenting Shakespeare only. The outstanding achievement of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company (responsible among other things for this season's prize-winning *Marat Sade* on Broadway) proves the value of such departure.

—HENRY HEWES.

"Don't ask me how you've failed me. I just feel it in my bones sort of."

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The Real Stokely Carmichael

TELEVISION'S capacity to produce monsters is not limited to the late late movies or to the odd-creature series. Network news staffs from time to time demonstrate their own unique talent—as in the recent case of Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee.

Mr. Carmichael was given the monster treatment on at least two of the major networks' evening newscasts reporting the progress of the civil rights march through Mississippi. He was shown addressing a voter-registration rally, leading a crowd in chanting, "We want black power." He had an undeniable air of "militancy" about him. His appeal was obviously designed to arouse emotion and courage in his listeners at the rally—and perhaps to induce flutters of fright in white viewers who would see him via the news cameras. That's all there was to the portrait—short, sharp, demagogic. That's all the newscasts had time for (so much else to cover including the commercials). That was the most exciting part, anyway. The monster image would have stuck in my mind as the real Stokely Carmichael.

My readings in the current press reinforced the image. The new chairman of SNCC had replaced John Lewis, "a moderate." Mr. Carmichael was "radical," "hard-core," "racist," "black nationalist." He had said integration was "irrelevant," and he had renounced the help of white civil rights workers. There he was—a wild sort of Mau Mau man.

Then I happened to hear an interview on WBAI-FM, the New York radio station of the Pacifica Foundation, in which Stokely Carmichael and John Lewis talked to Frank Millspaugh, Jr., station manager, and Ted Rubin, a volunteer staff worker. The Pacifica stations, listener-sponsored, devoid of advertising, and aggressively partisan for free speech, have always had a knack for cutting public monsters down to plausible size. Their monster-reducing job on SNCC's chairman was characteristically useful to anyone struggling to capture some dimension of depth from the fragmentary, confusing puzzlement that constitutes television news reporting.

STOKELY CARMICHAEL did project, through the Pacifica interview, the image of a civil rights leader impatient with slow talk about Negro rights at White House conferences. He did assert that voters in dominantly Negro areas had the right and intended to take power at the polls. He did promise that henceforth SNCC's movements would be decided by Negroes and not by Northern white liberals. But in place of the "rabble-rouser" seen on television, WBAI listeners heard a plausible human being, firm in conviction and purpose, but quietly rational.

He claimed that statements he had made had been quoted out of context by reporters bent on "discrediting" SNCC. He noted that prior to his taking over the chairmanship of the organization, John Lewis had been characterized by the press as an "extremist," a "separatist," but that immediately upon Carmichael's appointment, the former chairman became, in the press, the most "moderate" of leaders. (The presence on the program of both men, incidentally, belied reports of a schism in SNCC and a conflict between them.) Integration is irrelevant to a Negro earning $5 a day because it can't solve his economic problem, Carmichael added; SNCC is not anti-white; the organization plans to use its white workers to build up a moderate base in suburban areas with which the Negro civil rights movement can hook up.

The WBAI listeners also heard disquieting claims from Carmichael that President Johnson has refused to send federal registrars to Mississippi in spite of repeated requests ("We've asked until we've turned white"). They heard a great deal more that had the ring of truth, making it very difficult to understand why, according to the SNCC chairman, elements of the white liberal press seem bent on "destroying" SNCC.

Now, you may argue that the civil rights leader, speaking in a white man's studio, was making white man's talk in sweet reasonableness, but that the television cameras saw more truly when he was pep-talking people down South. You may be right. It is also possible that the real Stokely Carmichael embraces both images (which of us talks singly in all roles?). The fact remains that people fortunate enough to have heard the Pacifica broadcast have a great deal more evidence before them to account for this man and his meaning to the present struggle for human rights than is available to the viewers who saw only the monster-half of the story on television.

Broadcast news could, of course, correct its own unwarranted monster images, which it produces through intent, inadvertence, or inertia. Ideally there should be time on TV for the fuller image. But there isn't. That the networks would present a reasoned, leisurely discourse with so controversial a public figure is improbable. All the more reason to salute the Pacifica stations for their dogged service to truth. In the dark it requires only a small light to turn monsters into men.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"No, when little Bo Peep lost her sheep it wasn't deductible, but I like your thinking, son."

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1066: The View from France

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This year marks the 900th anniversary of the celebrated Battle of Hastings [see SR, March 5]. Below, Horace Sutton, who has been traveling in Normandy, reviews the battle from the French side. In the accompanying article, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, whose ancestor, Roger Montgomery, fought on William's right flank, gives a tactical analysis of the battle from the British side.*

BAYEUX, FRANCE.

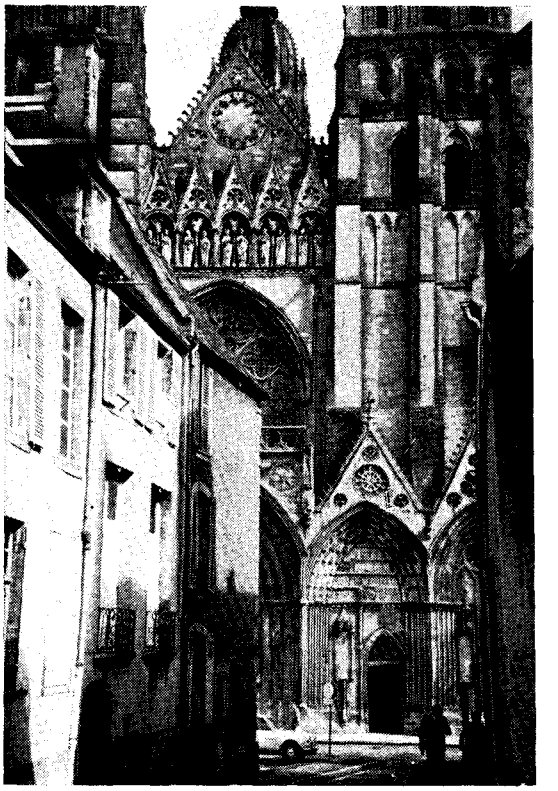
WHEN IT CAME to celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, last year, France decided it wasn't very interested. Waterloo, after all, is in Belgium and not in France, and then, too, there was the technicality of Napoleon's defeat. On the other hand, official Frenchdom, while not eager to commemorate the English victory over Bonaparte, has shown considerably more enthusiasm for this year's 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, which marks the Norman invasion of England in 1066.

Rolling through Normandy, as I have done this spring, one feels vestiges of the great Norman duchy at every turn and every hamlet. At Dives-Sur-Mer, just west of Deauville, along the celebrated Côte Fleurie, William the Bastard, soon to be William the Conqueror, set his invasion fleet on a cross-channel course. Farther down the coast, that gem of ancient splendor, the town of Bayeux, still stands intact, the seat of the Norman duchy and its birthplace.

The first town to fall in the invasion of 1944, Bayeux was liberated on June 7. It passed into British hands intact, without a shell fragment to mar an ancient wall, nor a panel of glass broken. An ambler along the old, narrow, curving streets of Bayeux these days comes suddenly upon the cathedral, a Norman and Gothic masterpiece that fairly explodes out of a square far too small for its grandeur. It was built by Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother of William, who finished it in 1077. It was eleven years after the conquest that made William king of England and introduced the restless Norman blood to Britain. Much of the cathedral has been restored, but the aisles remain from the twelfth century, the high windows of the nave from the thirteenth, the crypt under the choir, from the eleventh.

In the former bishopric across the street hangs the famed Bayeux Tapestry, an embroidered history of the Battle of Hastings beginning with the political fulminations that caused it and ending with the total defeat of the English. Probably it was commissioned by Bishop Odo. It may well have been intended as a decoration for the new cathedral, though it is not listed in the inventory of the treasury until 1476.

The word tapestry is used so often that the treasure will prove a disappointment to visitors who have come to associate a tapestry with the large tableaux customarily woven at Aubusson. In actuality the Bayeux Tapestry is executed on a narrow strip of linen that is nearly as long as a football field. The representations are striking but primitive. Stitched in eight colors, it requires seventy-two different scenes in which to play out the narrative. Despite its rather unwieldly size, it has been artfully displayed around the walls of a specially built 100-foot-long room.



—*H. S.*

The famous cathedral in Bayeux.

A commentary is piped in several languages over a wire-free earpiece obtained at the entrance. The commentary makes no bones about its point of view. Although William had been warring on the French as recently as eight years before the invasion of England, history—or at least French history—has found it convenient to overlook all of that. He is, hands down, the hero of Hastings, and Harold Godwin, whom he conquered, is reviled as a traitor. By invading England, William was only executing his duty to punish Harold for having maneuvered to obtain the crown of England, which William regarded as his rightful property.

It has been for some centuries a favorite scholastic exercise to argue the benefits or disadvantages that resulted from the conquest. There is no doubt that England boiled with revolt for years afterward, and that counter-invasions and centuries of war and distrust followed. Scholars who take the long view have insisted that the infusion of the adventuring blood of the Normans into England created a nation that was later to prove

—*French Tourist Office.*

Part of the historic Bayeux Tapestry—nearly as long as a football field.

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unparalleled in its will to explore the world and colonize it. The Normans also gave England – and, ultimately, the world–Norman law; and they brought their talent for architecture which, merging with Gothic, became Early English.

All this birthright seethes from the streets of Bayeux. One can walk the curving cobbled alleys and imagine it captured by the Vikings under Rollo in 880. The name Norman derives from "northmen" and the town was Scandinavian long before Normandy had dukes. The first duchy was created in 911 when Rollo met Charles the Simple at St. Clair-sur-Epte, and completed the deal by placing his hands in those of the King of France. Now the Vikings settled down, were baptized and learned French ways. Rollo was succeeded by his son, William Longsword, later assassinated. Then came Richard the Fearless, followed by Richard the Good, who begat Richard III and Robert the Magnificent, also known as Robert the Devil. It is probably under the latter sobriquet that he met the girl Arletta, who was the daughter of a tanner of Falaise. While they never married they did have a son, William, and when Robert went to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage he persuaded Norman barons to accept William, his only son, as successor. When Robert failed to come home, William the Bastard became the seventh Duke of Normandy. He admired his title, but woe befall those who made fun of his grandfather the tanner.

It is said that in the war against Anjou, when he was twenty-one, he attacked a fortified bridge. Its defenders showed their contempt for the young battler by tacking furs and skins on the walls of the fort and beating them with their swords while calling out, "Hides for the tanner." William stopped the siege of Alençon, turned his attention to the bridge and fort, and when it fell he lined up the thirty-two defenders and had their hands and feet cut off. "They shall crawl footless and handless for the rest of their lives to remind all men that I may be a tanner's grandson but I am also the Duke of Normandy," he is reported to have said.

Arletta, the tanner's daughter, was faithful to Robert, but after his death she married the Vicomte de Conteville. Their two sons, William's half-brothers, were Robert, Count of Mortain, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Both were with William in the Battle of Hastings. William, who was thirty-nine at the time of the invasion, had married Mathilda in 1053. She traced her lineage back to Alfred the Great, giving William another handhold on the throne of England. Their ducal sons were Robert Short Socks, William Rufus, and Henry Beauclerc. It was Henry's line that was later to produce Richard the Lion-Hearted.

The peculiar circumstance of the conquest of England arose over the rights to the throne of England. Edward the Confessor, according to William, had promised it to him. The other contender was Harold Godwin, son of the Earl of Wessex, King Edward's chief minister. The Earl's daughter was Edward's Queen. (Harold Godwin had been dispatched to Normandy by King Edward and captured enroute. Rescued by William the Bastard, he swore that he would uphold William's right to the English throne upon Edward's demise. For that promise he got his freedom.) But when Harold returned to England, Edward died, and the Witan elected Harold as successor. Harold kept the title and was crowned. William was infuriated and vowed to march on England and seize the throne. He sold his barons on the plan, and then got the concurrence of the Pope under whose banner he would later sail and fight.

Despite the total demise of the House of Godwin and the conquest of England all within the daylight hours of one fall Saturday 900 years ago, there are apparently few hard feelings still felt in Hastings. An exuberant city planner in that city, which is making the most of the celebrations this year, has kissed it all off lightly. Speaking of 1066 he said, "We've gotten along well with the French ever since." Truth to tell, the revolts and the riots went on for years after William's conquest, and it began a succession of phenomena that included the Hundred Years War, Joan of Arc, the Seven Years War, and the endless campaigns of Napoleon.

Hastings may be a somewhat raunchy seaside spa, but it knows the tourist business. It has decorated the place with crossed British and French flags, and it has even had the Royal School of Needlework run up its own tapestry. The English needlework version starts with the Battle of Hastings and ends with the invention of television and the reign of Elizabeth II. England may not have carried the day in 1066, but it has won the tapestry sweepstakes. Its embroidery is twelve feet longer than the Bayeux Tapestry.

While the commemorative events will be going on all summer and fall until the anniversary of D-Day on October 14, Hastings is distributing a sixteen-page newspaper, dated October 16, 1066. It is tabloid size and tabloid in style, and carries such headlines as "Mother Offers Gold for Son's Body," "Bishop Accuses Dead King," and "Promise Extorted by Death Threat," all in the vernacular dear to the copy desks of the British penny press. They all refer to the events of 1066 and the political machinations that set them in motion. The lead headline screams "Harold Killed in Battle Near Hastings."

Though the English are very sporting about the 900-year-old-battle—especially if they can entice French tourists to British shores to wallow in the ancient victory—they have not altogether forgotten Harold. A current memorial to him reads, "He fell at the foot of the royal standard, unvanquished except by death, which does not count in honor." It was written in frosting on a cake that appeared the other day in a bakery window in Hastings.

—Horace Sutton.

1066: Montgomery at Senlac Hill

WHEN I was very young, a book was given me called *The Little Duke*. The hero of the story was Richard of Normandy, eight years old when the tale begins, and from that day my childish mind was intensely interested in the Normans.

William the Conqueror, who brought the Norman race to England, was the great-grandson of the little duke. Later I learned that my family has its origins in Normandy; there are many Montgomery memorials in Falaise, of which town I am now a Freeman; Roger Montgomery, a cousin of the Conqueror, fought on the right wing of the army at Hastings. And, curiously enough, my famous opponent Rommel received the wound which removed him from the Battle of Normandy (1944) in the village of St. Foy de Montgomery, near Lisieux—when I myself was commanding an army operating in the opposite direction to the army which Duke William had commanded.

The 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings falls on October 14 this year, and no doubt much will be written about it. The main historical source of our knowledge of the weapons and techniques used at Hastings is the Bayeux Tapestry. It may not be generally known that Napoleon in 1804 had the Bayeux Tapestry exhibited in Paris, in the hopes that it would arouse enthusiasm among the French for his contemplated invasion of England. I doubt if it produced the desired effect!

But let us examine the battle itself. In such cases many matters always interest me, but chiefly the causes of the war, the strategy and tactics, the generalship. It was an important battle; William conquered England when he won it, and altered the course of English history. I have always considered it was for the best; the Normans had much to give England.

Some people consider that William had a better claim to the throne of England than Harold. William obviously thought so, and when he heard that

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Harold had been elected king by the Witan, he decided that the issue must be decided by battle. He would cross the Channel with his army and take the crown from the usurper who had broken his oath. But he needed two things—an army large enough for the conquest of a foreign country, and a fleet of transport vessels suitable for horses as well as men.

THERE was no difficulty about the army; the prospect of fighting and loot was tempting, and volunteers and mercenaries flocked to his standard from all over France, and some even from Italy. But the ships had to be specially constructed. He raised altogether perhaps 3,000 knights, many of them Normans —the hard core of his army. He also enlisted about 4,000 infantry, mainly archers and foot soldiers, so that his total force was in the region of 7,000 men.

Harold knew of the Norman threat. He called out his navy and maintained patrols in the Channel from Dover to the Isle of Wight. He himself waited in Sussex during the summer months with his housecarls—a personal force of professional soldiers reputed to be the finest infantry in Europe. During August the weather in the Channel was rough and Harold's fleet had to return to the Thames for repairs; this left the Channel unguarded. Shortly afterward, in early September, King Hardrada of Norway, and Harold's brother Tostig, who had become a bitter enemy, appeared with a large fleet off the Yorkshire coast; an army was landed, Scarborough was captured, and the city of York threatened.

Harold was now presented with a very pretty military problem, which may well become a happy hunting ground for students of military history in this 900th anniversary year. Against the background of my own practical experience when in command of the Kent and Sussex coasts in 1941, an invasion across the Channel by Hitler's forces being then considered likely, it is my opinion that Harold now committed the first of many errors which were to cost him his crown —and his life.

There were two threats. One was very serious, but it had not yet matured because of rough weather in the Channel—which was now without naval patrols. But invasion by a Norman army was known, from spies, to be imminent. The second threat had matured, and it could have unpleasant results if the Northern counties were ravaged by the invaders from Norway. A quick decision was necessary, and it came. Harold marched north with his housecarls and all the militia troops he could gather, and left the South coast unguarded – indeed, even unwatched. He reached York in time to save the city, and defeated Hardrada and Tostig on September 25 at Stamford Bridge.

On September 27, the weather changed, the Norman forces embarked, and with a favorable south wind the fleet crossed the Channel that night. On September 28, William of Normandy and his army landed on an empty beach in Pevensey Bay, a few miles west of Hastings—unopposed. On that day, Harold and his army were resting at York, 250 miles away, celebrating the victory over the Norsemen. Harold now had to make several more decisions; but generals are meant to do that – to make decisions, the right decisions of course, and to win battles. What did he do?

ON October 1, he heard the news of the Norman landing, and the next day started for London with his housecarls, leaving the rest of his soldiers to follow as best they could. He waited in London a few days to assemble his forces, and then marched to a rallying place for his army, a spur of the South Downs some six miles north of Hastings, near the town of Battle—which he reached on the evening of October 13. Meanwhile, his soldiers kept straggling in from the North, exhausted with forced marches; according to the historian, Florence of Worcester, only " a third of his army was in fighting order" on the day of the battle.

Early on the fourteenth, the Normans marched the six miles to Hastings and lined up for battle on Telham Hill—opposite the English position about one mile to the north. Harold had organized his battlefront with a shield-wall of housecarls in the center, and militia on the flanks; his position was carefully chosen, and the flanks and rear were secure; it had to be attacked frontally, and so long as the shield-wall remained unbroken and stood firm the English had little to fear.

The first Norman attack was delivered about 9 o'clock and made no impression on the shield-wall; indeed, on Harold's flank the Normans fled, and some of the raw English levies rushed out from their line in pursuit—a fatal error. Duke William rallied his left and led renewed attacks; still no impression could be made on the English. In the early afternoon William tried an old Byzantine trick; he carried out a feigned retreat on his right, hoping the English would break their ranks and pursue as they had done on his left—which they did, but it made little difference because the housecarls stood firm.

In the late afternoon the Normans became tired and discouraged. William now played his last card. His archers were fresh; he drew them up in a long line and sent them up the hill against the English line, and when 100 yards from the shield-wall they halted and fired their arrows almost vertically into the sky, the arrows rained down on the English and, according to Wace, "all feared to open their eyes or leave their faces unguarded." One struck Harold in his right eye, and he fell, mortally wounded. The knights made one final charge; the English line broke, and the battle was won just as it got dark.

NOW, a few remarks about generalship. I have always considered that Harold should have defeated William, and pushed him and his army into the sea. But as a general he was far inferior to William; his strategy was unsound, and his tactics were open to criticism. He was unlucky in that in early September he was faced with two threats. But to leave the South coast undefended and unwatched when he marched to York was not merely unwise, it was a fatal error—particularly since the fleet was wintering in the Thames and the Channel was unguarded.

Then, when he marched south from York he was too impetuous. By that time

"And I'll tell you why we're not flourishing—because we're not wicked."

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some of his ships were once again in the Channel; he should have calculated that William must fight a decisive battle quickly—and, what is more, must win. The enemy retreat across the Channel was cut off; the morale of the Norman army could not be too good; the proper tactic would be to remain in some area south of London, assemble the largest possible army, and force William to move northward and bring him to battle in the Weald, the forest area between Hastings and London.

One further point—he could have saved the day if he had understood the value of sea power in war. When marching south from London toward the South Downs, why did he not order his navy to attack the Norman ships in the harbor at Hastings? Such action would have been a nasty shock to Norman morale! But in effect he did none of these things.

WILLIAM, on the other hand, was cool and calculating. He reckoned Harold would act impetuously; after all, he was Earl of Wessex and the Normans were ravaging his territory—a very subtle tactic on the part of William, since he thought Harold would never allow his tenants to suffer thus. He enticed Harold to Sussex and engaged him in battle before his army was ready to fight effectively. Even so, William did not find the going too easy. He had taken a terrific risk, but his gamble paid off.

One can sum it all up by saying that Harold should have defeated the Norman invasion. But he didn't understand the conduct of war on the higher level; in all he did he played into William's hands. So he lost. William took terrific risks; but he was lucky. And his strategy and tactics were sound. Also, he was bold—and boldness deserves luck. So he won, fortunately for England.

—FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT BERNARD L. MONTGOMERY.

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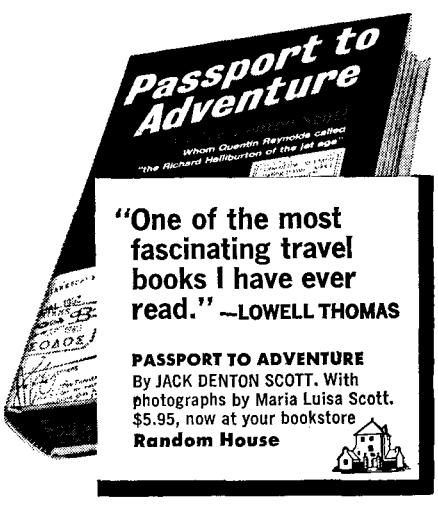
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Kenya

Continued from page 38

President Joseph Murumbi, Finance's James Gichuru, Labor's Dr. Julius Kiano, Agriculture's Bruce McKenzie (the only European holding ministerial portfolio), and, above all, Development and Planning's Tom Mboya (whose "appreciation and grasp of economics . . . would have taken him to the top anywhere") are the country's real hope. If they can prevail over the extremist Odinga camp the pace of progress may well be accelerated. (A notably heartening development since the publication of *Kenyatta's Country* was the recent sudden departure of Odinga from the vice-presidency of KANU, then Kenya's single political party.) And Cox makes it clear that so long as Kenyatta himself remains in the driver's seat, progress, unity, and moderation will continue as the objectives of national policy.

Other bright spots are human rather than political or economic. An uproarious account of a Mau Mau "surrender" shortly after independence is alone worth the price of the book. So too are the portraits of some of the eccentrics who brought to the Kenya white settler his collective identity as one of colonial history's at once most magnificent and most absurd figures. The chapter on the Somali border fighting has all the sock of a good war movie. The biographical sketch of Kenyatta summarizes one of the most incredible public—and private—lives of modern times.

Still, the fundamental tone of the book is decidedly pessimistic, and while I personally can't share quite so glum an outlook, it nonetheless seems to me that Kenya must gain nothing but good from being subjected to the rather harsh but totally honest and unmalicious criticism of so obviously genuine a friend of the country as Richard Cox.

The only real shortcoming I can find in *Kenyatta's Country* is what strikes me as a failure to discuss adequately the vital issue of an East African Federation which would include Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda. Granted federation is temporarily dead; but its ultimate acceptance (and I'm sure it will be accepted ultimately) is likely to put an end to some of the three countries' most vexing political and economic problems. Unfortunately, Cox examines this question only in its context as a stratagem once used to hasten Kenya's independence in 1963.

One other thing. Speaking of the possibility that radio broadcasts in Kenya might be confined to English and Swahili, Cox warns: "This would, for instance, hit the Kimvita service, which is all that 50 per cent of the Coast people understand." I find that a trifle puzzling: Kimvita is pure Swahili.

So Long at the Fair

By Miller Williams

MY father whose plans
have something over mine for being his
took me in torment to a thin bed
where when I lay
in strange important pajamas a chemical sleep
put out the flames and the fears
while the work of years gone bad was chiseled away.

Saved by the Holy Sisters
of St. Francis
from staph and bacillus
sleep and a quick death
I was sitting when the old Episcopal priest
came from reading the cards where my faith was put
as what my father remembered it to be.

—How were you christened? Is Jack Jack or John?
—It makes a difference?
—The prayer is yours. Your father knows your name.
—He doesn't know my face?
—Son, how would I put your face in the prayer?

The pagans believed
the little bones I lost were the seeds of wisdom
but when I walked away from the mad bright place
I left in some white can secreted there
not so much of wisdom as of grace
and I could not tell my waiting father
how there was less to spare.

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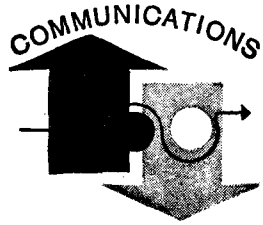
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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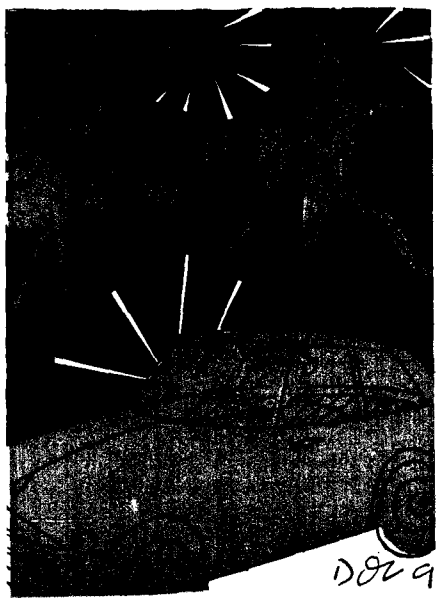

Why Radio Is Here to Stay

ANYONE WHO THINKS that television has put radio permanently out of business had better take a look at a couple of reports just issued by the Radio Advertising Bureau. The first RAB report reveals that spot radio's income for 1965 was more than a quarter of a billion dollars and that the soap companies, those bellwethers in advertising, have once again become important investors in radio. Procter & Gamble, not even listed in the top 100 spot radio advertisers in 1964, was forty-ninth last year with an investment exceeding $1,000,000, while Colgate-Palmolive nearly tripled its spot radio spending, going from $1,721,000 to $4,335,000. The other important item is a statement by Miles David, RAB president, that radio is fast approaching saturation in spot availabilities for national advertisers. Mr. David recently toured major markets and found that an unprecedented number of radio stations were having great difficulty supplying time for national and regional advertisers clamoring to come back into radio.

Spot radio is, of course, highly important in any radio station's income pattern. Since the advent of evening television, fewer and fewer coast-to-coast network radio shows are sponsored by a single product or manufacturer. Rather, national advertisers have been buying spots at times best suited to their products. General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford spent a total of $35,000,000 in spot radio in 1964 but $41,000,000 in 1965, a gain of 16 per cent for the big three automotives alone. The ten leading advertisers in spot radio last year were, in order, Chrysler, General Motors, Ford, R. J. Reynolds, Coca Cola, American Oil, P. Lorillard, American Home Products, American Tobacco, and Anheuser-Busch. The ten brands most frequently advertised through spot radio last year were, in order, Ford cars, Coca-Cola, Dodge cars, Winston cigarettes, Plymouth cars, A T & T, Carling ale and beer, Preparation "H", Amoco gas and oil, and Pall Mall cigarettes. In other words, radio is back in business and will henceforth be a highly competitive factor in the electronic advertising arena.

Why is it that radio has made such an astonishing comeback after two decades of slow foundering? One answer comes from a quick look at last year's sale of radio sets. In 1965, 31,000,000 radio sets were sold in the U.S.; at the height of radio's popularity in 1946, only 14,000,000 sets were sold. Another item: there are now four radios in the average American household. In other words, practically every individual in this country owns his own radio set. Auto radios alone are now installed in more than 60,000,000 U.S. cars: in the peak radio popularity year of 1946 there were 6,000,000 auto radios. Overall, around 242 million radios are now being operated in the United States, a figure greater than the total population.

As radio has increased its circulation through greatly widened individual use of radio sets, particularly transistors, the cost of buying radio time has dropped. For example, the cost per thousand for radio spots has actually gone down in the past ten years, whereas all other media have increased their cost per thousand. Radio is, therefore, that much more efficient in delivering a saturation audience for certain national products, which

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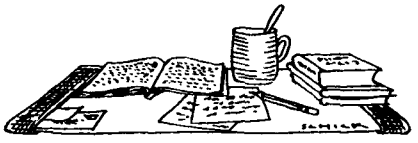
undoubtedly accounts for the enormous increase in spot radio sales during the past year.

The next big development in the exciting new radio field will be "convenience radios." Where the food business has successfully gone into "convenience foods"—all sorts of dishes, canned and frozen, ready for the table and requiring little preparation or even cooking—the radio business is now leaping happily into the pattern of modern living. A transistor one and one-half inches square can be built into an attaché case and carried by a businessman everywhere he goes. Radios are being built into desks, Cossack hats, outdoor clothing, and baseball caps. A far cry from the original



clock-radio, the first of its kind to be incorporated with some other electrical gadget, are the proposed radio-in-a-toaster or radio-in-a-stove. Indeed, radio is being built into every conceivable kitchen and bedroom appliance. This is saturation communication. The added income radio will get from its enormously widening audience will mean added service to the listener, better programing, quicker pickups from every corner of the earth—and nothing television can do will ever be able to compete with radio for instantaneous communication. In short, radio is here to stay, as much a part of the new American way of life as convenience food and color TV.

We've been listening to a great deal more radio lately, partly on purpose to learn why radio is making such a dramatic comeback, partly because the sunnier outdoor months seem naturals for radio listening, as they do for reading murder mysteries. By no means everything we've heard on radio lately has been good listening. The rock 'n' roll jockeys still dominate much of the dial, alas. The two-way radio conversation so much in vogue can be pretty tedious and artificial. And even good-music stations still run too many overbearing commercials for our taste (WQXR in New York is beginning to sound like a Madison Avenue loudspeaker). Just the same, radio programing is better, far better than it was in 1946: more honestly written, more intelligently conceived, freer of inhibition, fairer to its listeners, more imaginative in its use of instantaneous world-wide facilities and news. Nothing has ever quite replaced the immediacy and simplicity of radio communication, as nothing can compare with the good newspaper as a neat, inexpensive package of permanent information. Both are here to stay, even in a glamorous color-TV world. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Like You Like It

REFERRING TO R.L.T. [*SR*, May 14] on the misuse of *like* for *as* and readers' comments on the effect upon children when faced with this deliberate contradiction of what they are being taught in school, may I point out the following: Each day in this and possibly other states, children and adults are faced daily with official roadsigns reading: "Drive Slow." These officially ignore the adverb, which would be proper. Undoubtedly dropping the "ly" saves material and labor, but I have often wondered whether this reasoning gave birth to the error or whether it was committed through ignorance. Other signs, such as: "Danger—Children," also make for amused speculation, although they are not technically incorrect, I suppose.

BARBARA V. GIBBONS.
Falls Village, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We've always rather enjoyed the driveway sign—"Slow Children."*

I HAVE READ the subject editorial and the subsequent letters of reaction with virtually total agreement; and while I am no purist of the Fowler stamp, thanks largely to incapacity, I am yet no Bergen Evans sloppy-chops either. As for the Winston cigarette advertising solecisms, my reaction is that their usage is an effort by the William Esty Agency to talk down to us, the common people, from their (simulated) ivory tower. That leaves me with the inquiry: How do you talk down to William Esty?

Be that as it may, my point in writing this letter is to express my amazement at not finding the most obvious of all the comments concerning their deliberate misuse of the word *like*. In short, I ask this: If William Esty were promoting one of Shakespeare's comedies, how would they bill it? "Like You Like It"?

WINSTON B. BROWN.
West Hartford, Conn.

AS A HOUSEWIFE and novice writer, I am impelled to add my own pet peeve to those listed in your "Like Your Cigarette Should" editorial.

It is "Plus you get," for "In addition you receive." This phrase grates on the nerves as a fingernail on glass. It is heard so often on television, radio, and in general use every day of the week that the public has been brainwashed into believing it correct usage. I, therefore, advocate the organization of a "Down with 'Plus You Get'" Society, and fervently urge TV admen, businessmen and housewives everywhere to join.

LOWETA HOSKINS.
Albany, Oregon

I'VE JUST caught up with your May 14 issue and your comments on the Winston

Top Ten Network Radio Advertisers

1964

1. General Motors
2. Mennen
3. Campbell Soup
4. Bristol-Myers
5. Sterling Drug
6. Wrigley
7. R. J. Reynolds
8. International Minerals
9. Mars
10. Eversharp—Schick Safety Razor

1965

1. General Motors
2. Campbell Soup
3. Liggett & Myers
4. Eversharp—Schick Safety Razor
5. R. J. Reynolds
6. Mennen
7. Wrigley
8. Sterling Drug
9. P. Lorillard
10. General Mills

Top Ten Network Radio Advertising Agencies

1964

1. Campbell-Ewald
2. Needham, Louis & Brorby
3. Cunningham & Walsh
4. Warwick & Legler
5. Young & Rubicam
6. J. Walter Thompson
7. N. W. Ayer & Son
8. Norman, Craig & Kummel
9. Lennen & Newell
10. William Esty

1965

1. Campbell-Ewald
2. Needham, Harper & Steers
3. D'Arcy Advertising
4. BBDO
5. J. Walter Thompson
6. Grey Advertising
7. Cunningham & Walsh
8. Norman, Craig & Kummel
9. N. W. Ayer & Son
10. Young & Rubicam

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ad. I don't know why you're so grumpy about it. I would have liked to have written that ad myself. Plus, this is a free country and anyone ought to be able to write like he or she wants to.

FLORENCE MOSELEY.

Kingston, N.Y.

THE CHURCHILL QUOTATION brought to mind a remark of either little Willie or Apocryphal which went as follows: "Why did you bring that book that I didn't want to be read to out of up for?"

NORRIS ERB.

Keymar, Md.

I WAS DELIGHTED with your editorial on the improper uses of *like* and *as*. Perhaps you will sometime write one on similar errors, more frequent and less excusable, in the use of subject and object forms of pronouns. Writers of advertising and of dialogue for television serials seem the worst offenders. Recently in one of these serials one character, an attorney and presumably an educated man, said, "This is strictly between Pat and I." Also, in the Tareyton advertisement "Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch." Now would us, really? Yes, we would. I have marked both Winstons and Tareytons off my list and wish I could similarly mark off an educational system whose products, in so many instances, seem to lack knowledge of even the basic rules of English grammar.

SYLVIA AUXIER.

Pikeville, Ky.

I SUPPOSE we shall never accomplish the task of correcting the grammar used in advertising slogans. It is a problem of communicating, and I doubt that very many Madison Avenue people read *SR*. However, may one whose pet grammatical peeve is the misplaced and overworked word *just* call your attention to a remarkable instance of bucking the trend currently to be seen in an advertisement for a certain cracker?

Sometime ago the ads read, "Bet you can't just eat one!" I nearly ran into a truck loaded with these crackers while mentally rearranging the slogan to read "You can't just crack one without crushing it," and "You can't just drop one without breaking it," and "You can't just eat one without choking," etc., etc. Now I am delighted to see a new and revised version of this ad appearing everywhere, which reads, "Bet you can't eat just one!"

Of course, it may be that space considerations in the ad dictated this rearrangement of words and the ad men inadvertently corrected themselves; but could it possibly be that *SR*'s campaign to have Madison Avenue make a passing grade in grammar somehow got through to them? More power to you!

FRANK B. WYANDT.

San Gabriel, Calif.

LIKE MISS SUE KIMMELL, whose list of pet peeves appeared in your Letters column on June 11, I am inclined to rely on Webster's second edition in questions of correct usage. Recently, I consulted it before taping a book review for radio in which the word "Pulitzer" occurred several times, and unlike Miss Kimmell I found that *our* Webster II not only gives two choices of pronunciation but offers "Pull-itzer" first. To make matters worse, in the Biographical section I found "Pewlitzer; *orig.* Pull-itzer." I decided for "Pull-itzer" (though I had always pronounced it the other way)and I'm glad there's little chance of Miss Kimmell hearing my review, because if she did she might think I was just another illiterate Southerner.

The real question to decide is, who has the correcter Webster II, Miss Kimmell or I? Perhaps Bergen Evans would arbitrate.

LEIGH CONNELL,
Acting Director,
Anniston-Calhoun County
Public Library.

Anniston, Ala.

IN MY LETTER TO YOU that appeared in your column in the June 11 issue of *SR* I had written: "I recall a futile attempt to introduce 'thon' to indicate 'him' or 'her'." "Thon" appeared in print as "thou,"—which doesn't make sense! Perhaps you are too young to remember the publicity that attempted to promote this coined word. I do not know who dreamed it up, for it had a brief life.

SUE KIMMELL.

Hollywood, Calif.

YOUR MAY 14 ISSUE restores my faith in the fight for grammatical use of the English language. If only we had the equivalent of the Académie Française to uphold our once-

noble language, the standard might improve, but instead we seem to defer to the guttersnipes!

Years ago I had an amusing interchange of letters with the late William Lyon Phelps anent the disregard of the old, and sound, rule: "The verb *to be* takes the same case after it as before it," and I wrote to him:

There was a professor of Yale,
Whose knowledge of English was frail,
For he wrote: "It is *me*"
Which, I'm happy to see,
Has caused William L. P. to rail.

I hope he makes more of a fuss
And asks this illiterate cuss
If the matter here ends,
Or if he intends
to advocate next: "It is *us*."

I have given up insisting on a singular verb after *none* (No one). But, it is heartening to have so many defenders of decent speech write to you "like" they do!

WINIFRED H. JOHNSTONE.

Boston, Mass.

I WISH you would make up your mind. One month you complain about those of us who would let our language habits change with the language we speak (or didn't you know that all living languages change?). The next month you complain about persons who refuse to keep up with the times, specifically newspaper publishers who continue to use antiquated printing methods. And were only 7.7 per cent of the letters received on the *like-as* dispute in disagreement with your views? I didn't realize *SR* was such a conservative magazine.

JERRY WOODRING.

Griffith, Ind.

THE WORD *like* has an interesting history as a verb, too. Yiddish-speaking immigrants to the United States were quick to recognize its usefulness—there is no "to like" in Yiddish—and, very resourcefully, they took the Yiddish preposition "gleich" which can mean "like" or "as," made it into a verb, "zu gleichen," and used it as if it had always been so.

Only when the Yiddish-speaking American encounters Yiddish-speaking Europeans and tells them how much he "likes" everything, and sees the bewilderment on their faces, does he realize that "gleichen" is not a legitimate child of "mame loshen."

Hebrew has not as yet invented an adequate word for "to like" and still uses phrases such as "to find favor in one's eyes."

IDA SELAVAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I, TOO, enjoyed immensely your witty and lucid commentary on the misuse of *like* in the Winston cigarette advertising. I also enjoyed more than one chuckle while reading some of the letters printed in the June 11 issue of *SR* that your readers felt inclined to dispatch in praise of your article. I direct the following comments to these lingual purists, who so delight in English as a means of communication.

As a former head librarian of Manhattan College, Ann Wolfe should know that "In hope, too." does not constitute a sentence.

Since Robert Halsey of Avila Beach, California, considers the Winston advertising "a constant reproach," I can only conclude that he is in some way responsible for its creation.

I ask Elizabeth Zern of Pittsburgh, former English teacher that she is, how her student (or any student, for that matter) could give up anything if not altogether. As I understand it, if one does not give up something altogether, one has given up nothing.

I ask Ethel Strainchamps of Springfield, Missouri, why she feels the need to lard up her sentences with the word "alone." Surely, if one is "Just to consider car ads . . . ," one can hardly consider them any way but alone. And I wonder how one could consider car ads printed in any other publication if one was considering just car ads from *The New Yorker*.

Similarly, I would appreciate it if Blanche Door of Minneapolis would tell me how a word can be "dropped out of use . . ." if not entirely. And perhaps Louise Noel of Knoxville, Tennessee, could explain how she could have switched from Winstons if not personally. (Not to mention Louise's

(*Continued on page* 60)

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A REPORT ON THE PRESS IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

PASSAGE in early April of a new press law in Spain may well afford greater freedom of expression than ever before in Spanish history—and with this law, the Franco regime may have accomplished something of genuine significance. The new law could be nullified by ultra-strict interpretation of its provisions. But the trend in Spain today is strongly in the direction of a freer society. The rigid controls which prevailed long after the end of the Civil War of 1936-39 are being relaxed.

Reporting of the recent disorders at Madrid and Barcelona universities was reasonably complete. However, news of the clubbing of Catholic priests by the police was kept out of the secular press. Two Catholic magazines which published this material were seized, and another is being seized.

By contrast, there is no evidence of relaxation in the neighboring dictatorship of Portugal. When I interviewed Prime Minister Antonio Salazar at his residence in Lisbon, I asked him when his government would permit greater freedom for the Portuguese press. He laughed heartily, and replied, "That's exactly what the journalists in Portugal often ask me." He added that he was "planning a new press law which will allow more freedom," but did not say when this might become a reality. I gathered that it would be quite a while, especially in view of Portugal's all-absorbing "War in Africa," as the struggle over Angola and Mozambique is termed.

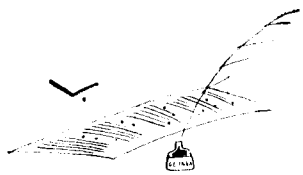
Spain's new press law is the result of years of discussion and effort, led by Minister of Information and Tourism Manuel Fraga Iribarne. Only three votes were cast against its final passage in the Cortes, which has nearly 600 members.

If this law does not carry Spain a considerable distance from the strict controls that have prevailed in the past, it will be a serious disappointment to many. Harold Milks, the veteran Associated Press bureau chief in Madrid, with experience in Moscow and other important bureaus, has written that the new law "gives the Spanish people freedom of expression unknown previously under the Franco regime, the Republic, or the Spanish monarchy."

It should be emphasized, however, that this statute does not provide "freedom of the press" in the American or British meaning of the term. The government retains a substantial degree of control. Yet it seems reasonable to expect that it will interfere much less than before.

In order to view this recent legislative enactment in perspective, it is necessary to bear in mind how little press freedom Spain has enjoyed in the past. Many of us who favored the cause of the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War were not aware that they, too, believed in exercising totalitarian control of the press. A responsible Spanish official recalled not long ago that "in 1932, the government, by a single telephone call, closed down 114 newspapers." Hardly the sort of thing one would have expected from a supposedly liberal and democratic regime. The stringent law that has just been superseded was adopted by the Loyalist Government in 1938 at the height of the Civil War.

The new statute is not solely the brainchild of Minister of Information Fraga, although his leadership in obtaining its passage was crucial. The committee that handled and reported the measure held twelve sessions lasting a total of eighty hours. Fifty-two of the seventy-two clauses underwent alterations. Many provisions are largely identical with proposals made to the United Nations.



Final passage was preceded by several months in which censorship of the press was relaxed throughout most of Spain, and papers were allowed to censor themselves. This self-censorship is an important part of the system just put into effect. Government censorship has now been lifted, "except in case of war" or in emergency situations "declared by the state." This latter phrase, admittedly, could be stretched to cover a good many unforeseen contingencies and result in abuses. Minister of Information Fraga defines the principle under which the government will operate as "liberty compatible with public order."

A significant and promising aspect of the new law is that publishers are no longer solely responsible to the Ministry of Information. They may now appeal from the ministry's decisions to the regular Spanish courts. Another new feature is that criminal or civil suits for libel or slander can be brought against the press by private citizens.

Advance copies of all newspapers and magazines must be submitted to the Ministry of Information at least thirty minutes before distribution is begun. Books must be submitted several days in advance. Seizure can be ordered by the ministry, and the courts will determine whether the seizure was justified.

Infractions are defined as the exercise of liberties contrary to principles laid down in the law: circulation and diffusion in Spain of printed matter published abroad which had been forbidden to be distributed domestically, and publication of agreements, decrees or any other official documents without official permission. Relatively minor violations are punishable by suspension of the paper for a period of up to one month, and a fine of up to 100,000 pesetas, or slightly more than $1,600. "Very grave" infractions can be punished by suspension of up to six months and a maximum fine of one million pesetas, or slightly more than $16,000.

IT is now legal, for the first time in many years, to found a new newspaper or magazine. Any citizen with an unblemished criminal record and in possession of his political rights may do so. Before this provision became effective, there were 104 newspapers and more than 9,000 magazines in Spain. Others are now being established.

All foreign news services must be channeled through a Spanish agency, in this case the agency EFE, "as a defense of information sovereignty." A similar arrangement was in operation previously, and in recent years there was little interference, although this system provided a ready-made censorship of news from abroad.

"Freedom of the press in Spain hereafter will be what the government wants it to be," one observer accurately remarked. The encouraging thing is that the trend is toward relaxation of the tensions and rigidities that characterized the Franco regime for decades. Not only is Generalissimo Franco mellowing, it is entirely possible that his as yet unidentified successor will be even less dictatorial.

Evidences that those oft-cited "winds of change" are blowing through Spain may be seen in various directions. *The Times* of London refers to "the new spirit of criticism emerging in so many areas of Spanish life." Much greater reli-

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gious freedom will be granted to Protestants, Jews, and all other non-Catholics under a new law which is apparently soon to be enacted. Laws controlling labor unions have been modified, and strikes are no longer completely outlawed.

As a part of Spain's remarkable economic boom, which has made it one of the fastest growing countries in Europe, trade with Soviet Russia and its satellites is growing steadily. Madrid has no diplomatic relations with any Communist country except Cuba, but commercial and cultural relations with the Soviet bloc are expanding.

It is in the area of academic freedom that Spain shows perhaps the least signs of progress. Faculty and student demonstrations against the Franco regime are usually dealt with by means of dismissals, suspensions, or fines. In March, twenty-five Catalan intellectuals, among them persons of international stature, were fined up to 200,000 pesetas ($3,333) each. When five professors at Madrid University were fired or suspended last year for their part in demonstrations, news of protests from forty-two of their faculty colleagues, and from sixty-three non-Spanish scholars in many countries, was kept out of the Spanish press.

Repressive measures were taken again in April and May of this year, when still more widespread student disorders erupted at Barcelona and Madrid universities, and the former institution was closed. But news of these upheavals was not hushed up, as in the past. Under the new press law, the facts were widely published.

In Portugal, there has likewise been campus unrest, although things have been relatively quiet on this front in 1966. A Portuguese government report published in the fall of 1965 said that 174 students at Lisbon University had been punished for strikes and disorderly acts between January and April; of these, 124 had been suspended for from five to forty days. The government linked these occurrences to a Communist-inspired world student movement.

Back in 1945, Premier Salazar lifted press censorship, whereupon many editors promptly and gleefully lashed out at his repressive policies. The result was that the special dispensation was revoked the next day. It has not been renewed since.

Now, with the "War in Africa" in its sixth year, and absorbing much of the Lisbon government's attention, the likelihood of any appreciable relaxation of press censorship seems remote. The conflict in Angola and Mozambique, and its relationship to the increasing pressures on Rhodesia and South Africa, constitute a massive diplomatic, military, and financial problem for little Portugal. In such an atmosphere, it is hardly likely that any dictatorship, or even many democracies, would decide to make possible greater freedom of the press. The prospective relaxation of controls, of which Premier Salazar spoke to me late last year, seems far in the future.

Existing rules covering the Portuguese press are not, however, always rigidly applied. Prior to the election of the rubber-stamp National Assembly in the fall of 1965, two documents issued by the political opposition were permitted to appear. One was a Manifesto of Policy for the campaign and the other was a letter to the President of the Republic. Both contained surprisingly critical statements. Health, education, housing, wages and working conditions under the Salazar government were roundly condemned.

At about the same time, the government allowed publication of a stinging blast from 101 prominent Catholic laymen. They forthrightly denounced the regime, saying that while it "claims to be Catholic," it is in fact "totalitarian" and is "systematically offending and violating the Christian conscience." These assertions were the more remarkable in that Premier Salazar is a devout Catholic, trained by the Jesuits.

Of course, neither this outburst, nor the two from the completely ineffectual political opposition, had any appreciable effect on the outcome of the balloting on election day. In fact, all opposition candidates withdrew before the voting, in protest against the rigged conditions under which they were forced to run. There was the usual massive landslide for Salazar.

Earlier in the year, the government had raided the Europa America publishing house, and seized some thirty titles, including Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* and books by Alberto Moravia and Jean-Paul Sartre. Some of these titles were later released.

A repressive campaign against Portuguese writers was launched in May, 1965, when the Gulbenkian Foundation awarded a prize to Laundino Vieira for his novel, *Luanda*. Instead of being acclaimed, the novelist was charged with involvement in a terrorist movement for the liberation of Mozambique, and it was announced that explosives had been found in his possession. Vieira was sent to a forced labor camp in the Cape Verde Islands for fourteen years.

He may have been guilty, but this did not justify the ensuing crackdown on writers throughout the country. Headquarters of the Society of Writers was raided, the Society was abolished, and the press was forbidden to publish the work of its members. The jury that awarded the prize to Vieira for his novel was taken to court, there was an editorial campaign against "traitors," and several Portuguese writers were prevented from going to international literary conferences. These repressive measures were later relaxed, and the work of some of the suppressed literary men began to appear again.

It can readily be seen from the foregoing that the prospects for greater press freedom in Portugal are far from bright. As for Spain, the situation is more promising, although here, too, there could be retrogression.

"I'll tell you what I'm watching! I'm watching a vulgar double entendre commercial."

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The Hollywood Screen Writers

By PAUL R. REYNOLDS

THERE ARE some 1,500 working motion picture and television writers in Hollywood. Perhaps 100 of these writers work exclusively for pictures; 800 probably work exclusively for television. The others write for pictures when they can, but, more often than not, for television. These 1,500 writers create more than 90 per cent of the motion picture screen plays and 80 per cent of the television screen plays.

What is writing for Hollywood like? Who are the writers? In the first place, 90 per cent of them are men. Their average age is under forty. A few are former magazine contributors who have found writing for pictures or television more profitable; a few are dramatists who perhaps wrote one Broadway hit but could not repeat—or perhaps wrote one produced play that was a flop; some are former newspaper men; some are old pros who have been working in Hollywood for twenty years or longer. Quite a large number are younger aspirants attracted by the chance to write, by the alleged glamour, and by the possibility of making a lot of money.

About a dozen top screen writers live in New York or its environs and periodically fly across the continent; another dozen live in London; a handful, in Rome; and a few elsewhere. But Hollywood is the center for motion picture writing, and although television writing is divided between Hollywood and New York, four out of five TV writers work in Hollywood.

When a writer gets a job in Hollywood he is given what is called an assignment. He agrees in advance to do a specific writing job, and signs a contract that guarantees him the agreed-upon payment. His assignment may be to prepare a motion picture screenplay based upon a published book, a Broadway play, or an unpublished story, or to rewrite some one else's screenplay. Writing this motion picture screenplay, with revisions, may require six to fifteen or more weeks of work.

In television an assignment is different. Here the writer is usually paid to prepare a television screenplay based on an idea of his own. The writer describes his idea to a potential buyer, usually a producer or a story editor. If the idea is approved, the writer, for an agreed-upon price, then creates a television screenplay. Writing a half-hour television show usually requires at least two weeks; an hour show, three to four or even five weeks.

Every writer who gets a writing job in Hollywood must join a union, the large and powerful Writers Guild of America East and West. The only exception is the newcomer, the apprentice, who may work on assignment on his first job as a non-union man. Once in the union, a writer caught breaking union rules can be deprived of work indefinitely. A producer who violates the agreement can be blacklisted and prevented from hiring writers.

The Guild negotiates with both the motion picture and television industry, and contracts are agreed upon between the union on the one hand and the studios and independent producers on the other. The contract now in force for motion picture writers on assignment stipulates the following minimum payment:

For a motion picture screenplay (twelve weeks work at $375.38 per week)	$4,504.56

The contract in force to date for all television writers on assignment stipulated the following minimum payments:

Idea and fifteen-minute screenplay	$ 612.61
Idea and thirty-minute screenplay	1,321.32
Idea and sixty-minute screenplay	2,402.40
Idea and ninety-minute screenplay	3,482.96

These minimum payments vary, depending on complicated factors. A writer gets more when he is working on a high-budget picture or television show; minimum rates also vary with the number of weeks guaranteed or worked, with the number of writers on the same assignment, etc.

Guild rules are almost never circumvented, with one exception: The Guild forbids a writer seeking a television assignment to do any speculative writing; when seeking an assignment, he is supposed to tell his story orally. In practice, the writer does tell his idea, but he also often gives the producer an outline to show his colleagues. Sometimes an outline even will be rewritten at the suggestion of a producer. The Guild now winks at such violations, and, ultimately, the rule that forbids outlines may be changed.

Only the beginning or relatively unsuccessful writers receive Guild minimum fees. Four-fifths of the writers receive more—perhaps one-third receive at least twice as much. However, few writers work all the time. A writer of half-hour television scripts rarely can dream up and sell twenty ideas a year. Often, he is lucky to sell ten, which may mean only twenty to thirty week's work a year.

THE market for writers rises and falls. In 1965, the most writers working on assignment in pictures in any one month was 172, and the low was 125. In television the top was 726, the low, 370.

The two dozen or so top motion picture writers make enormous incomes. Dan Taradash, for example, obtained an assignment to write a screenplay based upon James Michener's novel, *Hawaii*, and he was paid a quarter of a million dollars. More than a dozen writers get $100,000 or more for an assignment.

Every Hollywood writer prefers to write for pictures rather than for television because pictures pay more. Also, the writer for pictures has more creative freedom. The television writer is cabined and confined. The length of a TV script is arbitrary (it cannot vary even a minute); the small television screen restricts the scenes that can be portrayed; a television show has strict financial limitations; and often the writer must use inexpensive backgrounds, and confine himself to a small cast of characters.

While most screenplays are written on assignment, a certain number are original screenplays—created by authors not writing on assignment or working with producers. These are written on speculation and sold to producers just

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the way a short story is written and sold to a magazine. There is no Guild minimum for an original screenplay—prices range from as little as $2,500 to more than six figures, with the majority selling in the range of $10,000 to $25,000.

In television it is also theoretically possible to write and sell an original screenplay, called a teleplay. However, only one show has been purchasing original teleplays, and this show bought only a few in the last few months. This situation is changing, and the market for original teleplays may expand in the future.

In the motion picture and television industry, unlike other writers' media, an agent is a necessity. Stars, directors, producers, and writers all have agents, or, in the case of a few top money-makers, an attorney who performs functions similar to the agent's. The agent business may not make much sense in a rational world, but this is beside the point. To the neophyte writer in Hollywood an agent is obligatory. Only through an agent can a writer obtain an assignment. No studio, and few, if any, producers, will consider an unknown writer's script unless submitted through an agent.

To the new writer, Hollywood seems the most difficult of all the great writing media to crack. First, there seems to him no way of obtaining an agent. In all probability no agent will look at the new writer's script or consider him for an assignment—the writer either receives a polite no, or his query goes unanswered. The writer may ask for a personal appointment and the agent refuses; the agent is too busy.

With agents remote, aloof, and completely uninterested, the barriers to breaking into Hollywood, then, seem insurmountable. Actually, this is not the case. Every writer's medium is extremely hard to crack; Hollywood is no more difficult than the others. The problem is just different. What steps must the neophyte take?

First, he must learn his trade. Screenplays have been published, and the writer can obtain some to study. Some articles and books on writing for motion pictures and television may be helpful. The neophyte, just for practice, can write and rewrite screenplays, struggling to get better and better.

Second, the neophyte can sometimes work in a local television station, not necessarily as a writer. Any job where at times he can watch the shooting of scripts will be helpful. Experience in a television station will add to his competence, and be a plus to his getting an assignment in Hollywood at some later date.

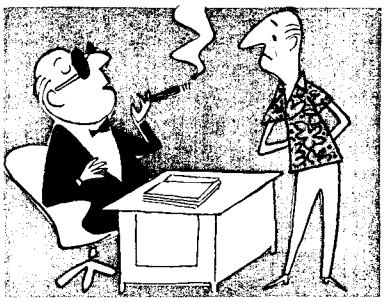
Third, once the neophyte believes that he has learned his trade he must go to Hollywood. Trying to sell oneself or one's scripts at a distance is a well-nigh hopeless proposition.

Fourth, arriving in Hollywood, the neophyte must talk some agent into reading his scripts, as examples and evidence of the writer's competence. The writer first may talk some producer or director or writer acquaintance into reading his scripts unofficially, and then recommending the writer to an agent. Some neophyte writers barge in cold on person after person until they find someone who will read their scripts and give them an introduction to an agent.

Number 4 of the above presupposes a smooth talker. Most successful Hollywood writers must not only have the competence (the first requirement) but also a glib tongue. If the neophyte is not good at selling himself, if he cannot describe a story well, he is under a handicap.

To the ordinary workaday writer living in the East, going to Hollywood to work for a studio is an extraordinary experience. Hollywood is not a town or governmental unit. It is a Post Office address and a telephone exchange in an outlying part of Los Angeles. Close by are residential areas such as Beverly Hills or Brentwood. The temperature is warm and constant, with little rain. Much of the land is fairly flat, but it is surrounded by mountains, hills, ravines, and canyons, with winding roads and abrupt climbs, and, often, gorgeous views. In this area, within a radius of four or five miles, are the Metro, Fox, Paramount, Columbia, Warner Brothers, Universal, and the United Artists studios plus NBC, ABC, and CBS, and several other TV studios.

The writer living in this charming locality has ideal physical working conditions. There is no clock punching; no five-day work week; no nine-to-five working hours. The writer can work at home on his own schedule. Ninety per cent of the television writers work at home; motion picture writers more often work in a studio office (perhaps because office conditions are so pleasant), but two-thirds of these work at home. Conferences are inevitable, and once or twice a week the writer drives to the studio to confer with his producer or boss, but such conferences are informal.



Nevertheless the typical Hollywood writer, doing creative work of a fashion, living in a beautiful atmosphere, boss of his working hours, is a frustrated, unhappy man. His frustration begins because he is doing creative work, but his producer and others continually instruct him as to how to do it. It is as if a novelist had to devise his characters and his plot according to his publisher's instructions, then deliver his novel to the publisher chapter by chapter, and rewrite each chapter as bidden. Any novelist working under such conditons would be frustrated. The screen writer, required to work this way, lives with frustration.

There are other reasons for a screen writer's unhappiness. A motion picture is not the sole creation of a writer. The effectiveness of the picture depends upon the cast, upon the director, upon the composer (all pictures have some music), and upon the money spent upon sets, etc. The writer of the screenplay may be blamed when the failure of the picture was in no way his fault, or the praise for success may go to some star when the major cause for success was really the writer's. This situation gives any writer a basis for frustration.

Moreover, writers write for prestige as well as for money, and the writer of a screenplay gets almost no credit from the public. It is true that his name is flashed upon the screen as the author of the screenplay, but the public is uninterested. Who goes to a movie and says to himself, "My what a fine screenplay"? The only people who remember who wrote a specific picture are other writers and members of the industry in Hollywood.

The frustration of the motion picture writer is paralleled by the frustration of the television writer. Every television writer wants to write for pictures. If he occasionally gets motion picture work, he is unhappy when he has to work for TV. If he never is able to get motion picture work, he is all the more unhappy. There are dramas on TV that are good from a critical point of view, but nineteen of twenty are drivel, and the writers know it. There is at least local adulation for the writer of a successful motion picture screenplay; there is little adulation for most TV writers.

Idleness is another cause of the Hollywood writer's frustration. Few writers at the beginning of the year know how many weeks they will work or what their income is likely to be. They do not take vacations from work. Their idleness is interrupted by work.

There is another indirect but possible cause for a Hollywood writer's frustra-

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WHERE ARE TODAY'S MUCKRAKERS?

By ARTHUR and LILA WEINBERG

SIXTY YEARS AGO, perhaps the most famous group of magazine writers in American history was spotlighting and detailing the nation's social, economic, and political wrongs. President Theodore Roosevelt tagged them as muckrakers when he became disturbed over some of their writings. He compared them to the "man with the muckrake" in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Among these writers were such well-known names as Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Upton Sinclair, Ida Tarbell, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and David Graham Phillips. Their exposures resulted in governmental action to correct the ills that they described.

Tarbell's detailed study, *History of Standard Oil*, for example, helped strengthen the anti-trust laws and resulted in the change of railroad rebates that were the important weapons of Standard Oil. Sinclair's *The Jungle* exposed the filth prevalent in the Chicago stockyards, and *The Jungle*, together with Samuel Hopkins Adams's *Great American Fraud*—the story of patent medicines—helped achieve passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act. Lincoln Steffens, in his articles on "The Shame of the Cities," revealed the simple truth that behind every bribe-taker is a bribe-giver. And he gave specifics.

What was remarkable about the muckraking decade, 1902-1912, was the concentration of magazines that muckraked, either because of a crusading zeal or financial interest. Prior to that era, few journalists had gone deeply into issues. But S. S. McClure, whose *McClure's* magazine gave birth to the era, paid his writers for their research rather than for the amount of copy they turned in, and he put them on salary, which both relieved them of financial worry and allowed time to master subjects. Tarbell devoted five years to research and writing of her fifteen articles on Standard Oil; Baker took two years to prepare eight articles; Steffens averaged about four articles a year.

But in 1908, circulation of "muckraking" magazines began to drop, and, despite a short revitalization, the era ended shortly thereafter.

Many reasons have been given for this decline. For one thing, World War I directed the attention of the public away from the national to the international scene. Also, people tired of exposures; advertisers began to withdraw from the magazines; banks stopped credit; and, finally, the public relations business emerged, countering the muckrakers' charges against big business.

Advertisers began to influence the magazines' contents. For example, when one magazine ran a series of exposures on the beef trust, seven pages of advertising were withdrawn. The ads were for ham, soap, fertilizers, and a railroad. In addition, the government began to "muckrake" through its own industrial commissions.

While social conditions have improved since that era, many serious social ills

remain. Where are today's muckrakers? Are there any, sixty years after President Roosevelt decried their existence?

Muckraking has not disappeared. It still exists in the historic Steffens-Sinclair-Tarbell-Baker tradition. What is missing today is a concentration of magazines devoted to the "literature of exposure." But other media have stepped in to assist, or to take over, the spotlighting of social ills.

Those engaged in muckraking today refer to their writing as "investigative reporting," "reporting in the public interest," or "public-conscious journalism." The one magazine that advertises itself as being a muckraking periodical—*Fact*—deals more in sensational journalism than in the muckraking tradition of analyzing problems as a scientist works in his laboratory.

Ralph Nader, author of the best-selling *Unsafe at Any Speed*, does not consider himself a muckraker, yet he is in the best tradition of these writers. Nader feels the word has too limited a meaning. To him, muckraking is a writing crusade. "My book, for example," Nader says, "is only an episode in a campaign that goes beyond writing."

Drew Pearson was recently tagged a "muckraker" by the *Wall Street Journal*, in connection with his recent series of columns in which he accused Senator Thomas J. Dodd of improperly diverting proceeds of various testimonial dinners for personal use, and of doing favors for an American agent for West German interests, in exchange for gifts. Senator Dodd has denied the charges, and filed a multi-million dollar libel and conspiracy suit against Pearson and his associate, Jack Anderson.

It was a country newspaper in Pecos, Texas, through its thorough reporting—muckraking—that exposed the Billie Sol Estes scandal. In 1958, the investigative work of a Knoxville, Tennessee, newspaper reporter led to eventual prison terms for a group of executives in the famous price-fixing scandal involving major electrical firms. A business magazine, *Vend*, was the first to publish the story of Bobby Baker's rise to power and fortune. The Chicago *Daily News* exposed a scandal that resulted in imprisonment of Illinois auditor Orville Hodge for a record misappropriation of state funds. Similar newspaper crusades have earned many honors and prizes.

Television, too, has engaged in muckraking. Edward R. Murrow's brilliant *See It Now*, and *CBS Reports* studies of gambling, the plight of migratory workers, and other problems are prime examples in the best muckraking tradition. Radio and television have produced many others, including the recent "Are You Safe in Your Hospital?" by WCBS-TV, New York City; an exposé of fraudulent charity operations, aired by WKYC-TV, Cleveland; and a program on slot-machine scandals, by WTOP, Washington.

The communications medium now most consistently involved in muckraking, however, is book publishing.

Nader's book is the most recent example. But even this was closely related to a magazine story, according to Richard L. Grossman, president of the young house, Grossman Publishers, which published Nader's book.

"I was impressed with an article by James Ridgeway on the Corvair tragedy

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The authors, a husband-and-wife writing team who live in Chicago, were co-editors of the book, *The Muckrakers* (Simon and Schuster). Mr. Weinberg is a member of the Chicago staff of Fairchild Publications.

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which appeared in the *New Republic,*" says Grossman. "I felt this whole problem would make a good book and it would be in the muckraking tradition."

Grossman recalls that he talked with Ridgeway, who told him the man to do the book was Ralph Nader, who had been "living and breathing this problem." Grossman sought out Nader, and the book resulted.

Unlike most of the original muckrakers, Nader is not a writer by profession; he is a lawyer. But like many of the muckrakers, Nader, too, is non-ideological. General Motors' investigation of him revealed that he hasn't even been a member of the Boy Scouts.

Rachel Carson, the quiet scientist, also was a muckraker, especially with her book *Silent Spring,* which touched off a controversy in 1962 when she questioned the fast-growing, indiscriminate use of chemical insecticides. The chemical industry charged that the major claims of Miss Carson's book were "gross distortions of actual facts, completely unsupported by scientific experimental evidence."

But two years after publication of her book, the federal government passed a law which strengthened control over the sale of poisonous pesticides. And President Johnson, in signing the law, expressed sorrow that "one voice which spoke so often and eloquently for measures like this is still today—the voice of Rachel Carson . . . . We owe much to her and to those who still work for the cause of a safer and healthier America."

Jessica Mitford's 1963 book, *The American Way of Death,* acted as a catalyst to an investigation by the New York attorney general, after which a law was passed that was designed to end price gouging and other abuses in the funeral business.

Certainly in the muckraking tradition, too, is Michael Harrington's *The Other America,* which was an intellectual stimulus for the war on poverty, and resulted in Harrington's being invited to Washington by Sargent Shriver to help put "muscle" into the poverty program.

Vance Packard has hammered away at industry's "planned obsolescence," which he claims is deceiving the consumer; and *Bamboozled,* by Nicholas Samstag, recently muckraked the advertising agencies. A onetime advertising agency executive who now is a business consultant, Samstag accused agencies of confusing, bilking, and tricking to gain business.

In addition to the work of the communications media, the government, through some of its legislative committees, engages in "muckraking." Some has been responsible and detailed, some merely sensational. But these committees have both the money and the staff to do a thorough "investigative" job.

And so muckraking is far from dead. Indeed, the whole concept may get new impetus this fall at a conference planned especially to air social ills which need exposure, and, in the opinion of sponsors, are not being adequately reported. The sponsors, Ralph Nader and free-lance writer Philip M. Stern, hope to stimulate more in-depth and investigative reporting. Stern, author of *The Great Treasury Raid,* a book detailing income tax loopholes, has volunteered to partially underwrite the conference with funds from a family foundation. It probably will be held in Washington, D.C., or New York City.

In the historic concept of the word, muckraking attempts to make an indifferent public aware. What the investigative reporter is doing today, as he has always done in the past, is to bring issues to the attention of the public. Once this is done, it is up to the public and to the public officials to act. The issues are here —as they always have been—and those who accept the responsibility of bringing them to our attention deserve the honored designation of "muckrakers."

"The Fourth Estate."

This famous phrase was first used in 1828 by Macaulay, when he referred to the reporters sitting in the gallery in Parliament as the Fourth Estate of the realm. (The others being the Clergy, the Peerage, and the Commons.)

Thomas Carlyle, in an essay written five years later, praised the literature of the eighteenth century and compared it to a great tree sprung up from a tiny mustard seed. Carlyle wrote that the power of the reporters, from a small beginning has come . . . *"the stupendous Fourth Estate, whose wide world-embracing influences what eye can take in; in whose boughs are there not already fowls of strange feather lodged?"*

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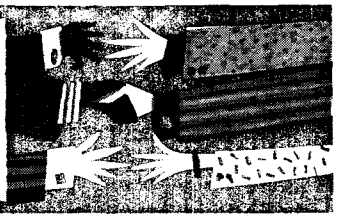

Preserving Corporate Philanthropy

WITH THE RUSH of annual stockholder meetings now over, this is the time for planning so that several bizarre manifestations, which seem to have worsened this year, are not repeated another year. For they not only disturb meetings—they threaten some of the important public interest programs that progressive management has so carefully nurtured.

For several years a new type of exhibitionist—little old ladies in running shoes, or younger, loud, emotionally disturbed attention-seekers—has been using annual meetings to satisfy a need for notoriety. One area these assorted disturbers-for-disturbing's sake have chosen as a focus for their antics has been corporate philanthropy. It is not that they merely disagree with management as to the direction of corporate philanthropy —they are totally opposed to any corporate giving to hospitals, community funds, colleges, universities, orchestras, the performing arts. Nor have they been satisfied merely to raise their objections. They have instead made unholy displays of themselves, by dressing in outlandish theatrical costumes, refusing to let others speak, and insulting stockholders who disagree with them. They have made pests of themselves to such an extent that some managers have considered curtailing some of their most fruitful, creative, and necessary public-interest programs.

There is no doubt that corporate philanthropy is legal. There never was any doubt about it, if it is directly related to the interests of the corporation. And who is there with any sense who thinks that it is not an obligation of a corporation to contribute to a hospital in a community where it has a plant and where its employees need medical facilities? And who, with any sense, thinks that a corporation should not contribute to research at universities in a field of the corporation's interest?

The only question that bothered corporate lawyers was the legality of giving money for the general and corporation's good if the gifts were without restriction. The decision by the Supreme Court of New Jersey in the Smith Manufacturing case on June 25, 1953, answered that. And since the Supreme Court of the United States, in October 1953, declined to hear an appeal because of lack of a substantial federal aspect, the Smith case became a milestone in corporate philanthropy.

Frank W. Abrams, then chairman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), who gave testimony in the case, said it was not good business for corporations "to take substantial benefits from their membership in the economic community while avoiding the normally accepted obligations of citizenship in the social community." Irving Olds, former chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, another witness in the trial, said that unless the corporation did make its contributions it was not "properly protecting the long-range interest of its stockholders, its employees and its customers."

Mr. Justice Jacobs, who delivered the decision in the Smith case, said individual stockholders, "whose private interests rest entirely upon the well-being of the plaintiff corporation, ought not to be permitted to close their eyes to present-day realities and thwart the long-visioned corporate action in recognizing and voluntarily discharging its high obligations as a constituent of our modern social structure."

BUT, unfortunately, some of the good programs that have grown out of these decisions may be cut back because the chief executives who conduct the annual meetings are so fearful of public dissent, so worried that they might be accused of not answering questions, that they are on the verge of abdicating their places as chairmen of the meetings.

Sidney J. Weinberg, of Goldman Sachs & Company, the investment bankers, is a competent witness on corporations and the purpose of the annual meetings. He is a director of the Ford Motor Company and the General Cigar Company, and was, until he began to take it easy, a director of Champion Paper & Fiber Company; Continental Can Company; General Electric Company; General Foods Corporation; B. F. Goodrich Company; McKesson & Robbins Inc.; National Dairy Products Corp. He is, in addition, an acute observer of public attitudes.

Before the Business Council, on October 17, 1964, in a speech entitled, "The Stockholder Meeting: Business Session or Circus?" Mr. Weinberg said that "many stockholder meetings have degenerated recently into a circus. . . . The chief causes of this degeneration, in my opinion, are a relatively few publicity-seeking characters who attend stockholder meetings primarily to ask impertinent, irrelevant, sometimes abusive questions. I think this kind of behavior must be stopped right now before stockholders lose respect for management at these meetings."

What Mr. Weinberg said two years ago is in many cases even more true today. He also told his audience:

"Some of these characters will consider this statement an attack on their freedom of speech. It isn't. I believe strongly in corporate democracy and the stockholder meeting is one way to have that democracy. I am the first to defend the right of all stockholders to ask management pertinent, sensible, constructive questions at annual stockholders meetings. Enlightened management welcomes these kinds of questions. No one, least of all I, has any desire to return to the days when the stockholder meetings were so sparsely attended that they could be held in the board room. I believe that the need for management to report to stockholders every year forces management to plan more carefully what they do during the year and what they want to say to the company's owner-stockholders."

Certainly it ought to be clear to corporate managers that they not only have an obligation to put an end to the nonsense at annual meetings, but that they must not back away from corporate giving because of the noise made by a tiny group of brassy people.

The growth of the concern of management for the corporation's position in society is relatively new. This concern has served the stockholders' interests well, as, in fact, it has served the country as a whole. This developing responsibility cannot be shucked off because of the antics of a few. Nor should it be, for in every test of stockholder voting the share owners have come down hard on the side of corporate philanthropy. It should not be forgotten that the growth in the number of stockholders, from 6,500,000 in 1952 to 20,000,000 in 1965, shows clearly that the stockholder interests and the general public interest often are bound to merge. And, given an increase of a million new stockholders a year, the interests will more often be similar in the future.

It is true that the chief executive has a lot to do to make his corporation a profitable one. But for grown men, titans of industry, heads of corporations with annual sales in the billions of dollars, with hundreds of thousands of employees, to turn tail and run because some mouthy individual at annual meetings wants to end corporate giving, would be an avoidance of responsibility.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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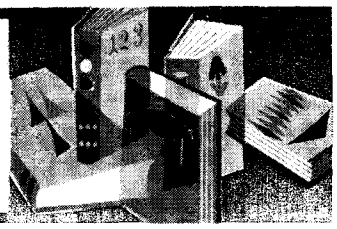
Books in Communications



Magazine Articles as Art

CULTURAL PURISTS long have looked down on journalism as a literary stepchild. In recent years, however, this position has become increasingly untenable, particularly in relation to magazine journalism. The rise of TV as the nation's principal escapist medium has made well-financed magazines increasingly receptive to serious nonfiction, and fiction writers have evinced growing interest, at least occasionally, in joining journalists as writers of nonfiction.

Consequently, declares Gerald Walker, an editor of the *New York Times Magazine*, in his new book, *Best Magazine Articles: 1966* (Crown, $5.95), the nonfiction magazine article now "has come into its own as a literary form." In support of this contention he quotes, among others, editors John Fischer of *Harper's* and Norman Podhoretz of *Commentary*. Fischer refers to the article as "the characteristic literary medium of our generation," and Podhoretz says:

"The reportage done in magazines by professional journalists like Dwight Macdonald, Robert Shaplen, Richard H. Rovere, John Bartlow Martin, and a good many others, has carried on a more exhaustive and more accomplished investigation of our morals and manners than the bulk of contemporary fiction. . . ."

Surprisingly, the journalistic establishment has been among the slowest to recognize this change, and, Walker notes, "most magazine writers do their work in relative obscurity." Further, though magazine revenues are at record levels, the Benjamin Franklin Awards for magazine writing have been discontinued (since 1959) for lack of funds; current recipients of Nieman Fellowships to Harvard include few magazine staff writers and no free-lancers; and, despite repeated petitions, no Pulitzer Prizes are awarded for magazine journalism—the only print medium not eligible (while Pulitzers are bestowed in such nonjournalistic categories as music, poetry, and drama).

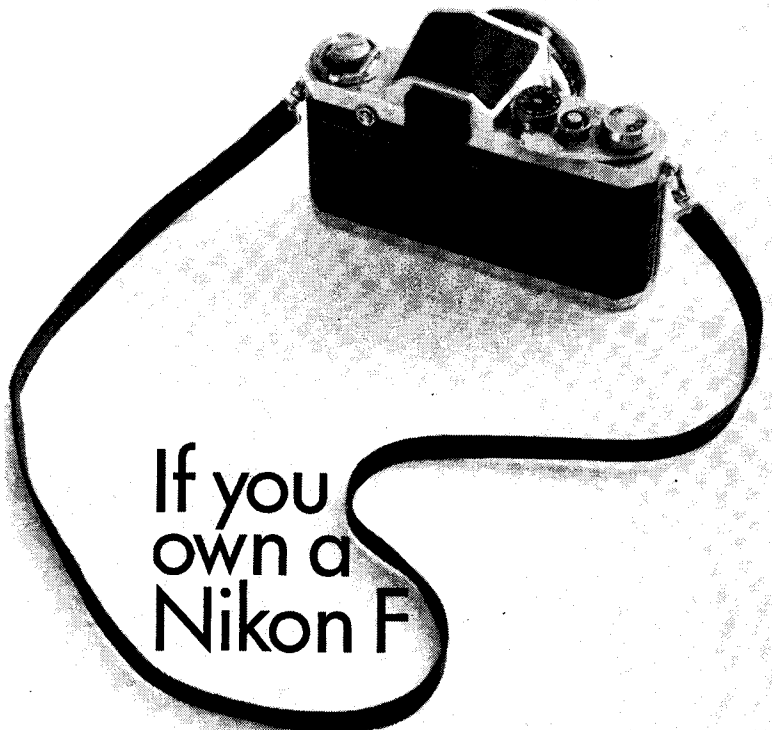
Walker, who is a former President of the Society of Magazine Writers, outspokenly decries this situation, and his book represents a modest effort to compensate in part for this cultural lag. Some of his twenty selections are superb: among them, Alvin Toffler's "The Future as a Way of Life" (*Horizon*), in which the author coins the term "future shock" to describe "the impact on people of the premature arrival of the future"; A.M. Rosenthal's "The Taste of Life in Hiroshima Now" (the *New York Times Magazine*); and Eric Sevareid's "The Final Hours of Adlai Stevenson" (*Look*).

One may second-guess several of Walker's selections on grounds of sameness and needlessly great length (in one instance, 19,000 words, and in several others, only slightly fewer). But the six or eight best articles alone make the book worthwhile, and seem likely to assure annual sister volumes, in paperback if not hardcover.

Europe's Press: For too long, too little has been written of the European press, its place in Western civilization, and its role in war and peace under successive monarchies, democracies, and dictatorships. Kenneth E. Olson, Dean Emeritus of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, and a postwar adviser to European publishers and press ministries, now has gone a long way toward filling this void with a 471-page book, *The History Makers* (Louisiana State University Press, $10). It is a thoroughly engrossing work, not only for its tightly composed vignettes of publishers of such diverse newspapers as *The Times of London, Le Monde,* and *Pravda,* but also for its capsule histories of twenty-three countries, and expertly drawn interpretations of their present government, leaders, and cultures.

Eloquent Crusaders: Two famed nineteenth-century abolitionist editors are the subjects of recent books—*Lovejoy, Martyr to Freedom* (Concordia, $3), by Paul Simon; and *Documents of Upheaval* (Hill and Wang, $5.95), edited by Truman Nelson. Simon's book, a short biography of martyred Illinois newspaper editor Elijah Lovejoy, is more interesting reading than Nelson's, which is an annotated selection of William Lloyd Garrison's writings in *The Liberator.* But both books abound in examples of fiery eloquence that helped shape history—and too seldom are duplicated in the more bland editorial pages of our day.

—ALFRED BALK.



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BATTLE FOR A LIBRARY

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THE DIGNIFIED, elderly lady wearing gloves entered the public library. She observed the crowd about the charge desk, looked with distaste at the tables surrounded by readers of newspapers and magazines, and said to the librarian, "This library just isn't right any more." The librarian paused and politely asked why. "Well, it used to be a nice place where my friends and I could sit and chat, and take time to pick out a really good detective story. Now it's full of people."

An efficient public library depends upon four things: a building, a collection of books, an active and progressive librarian, plus interested citizens of the municipality. This is the account of one library which had those elements, with trustees who were unafraid. Once their library was threatened, they responded, even going into politics to save it.

True, other libraries—often large ones—have been involved in controversy and political action. But small libraries have a harder time. The trustees are known all over town, and frequently they are apt to be timid. Not however in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a city of 43,000.

Fitchburg is by no means a rich city. The ancient cotton mills that once lined the banks of the derelict river which bisects it have long since moved to Georgia and South Carolina. It is not an intellectual center. Nor has it any special cultural orientation. Yet over the years, its public library has steadily and faithfully provided excellent service for all its citizens, from the youngsters who used the Youth Library to retired factory workers. When it was attacked, those citizens rose to its defense.

The struggle began some ten years ago, when a man named Hedley Bray was mayor. A real dirt farmer—also a sweet talker with a country twang—Bray had been elected on a popular platform of cutting taxes by reducing municipal services. Bray opposed the library from a conviction that it wasn't essential.

"If I didn't make cuts, the city would have a $100 tax rate," he said.

In 1958, he cut appropriations in every city department, and tossed out plans for revising the school system and replacing some of the 100-year-old buildings. The library budget was cut $9,000, or about 15 per cent. Since books and supplies had gone up 40 per cent in ten years, and since there were 30 per cent more borrowers and circulation had risen from 68,000 to 113,000 in the Youth Library alone, things were serious.

The trustees met and reduced services: They had no choice. But they took a newspaper advertisement and placed a large sign in the building, stating the reasons for the retrenchment. The Mayor immediately stormed over with the City Solicitor and ordered the sign removed, as "contradictory to the administration's theme of more services for less money, and definitely not in the best interests of the city."

How often does your public library hit the front pages? This one did, with a bang. The *Sentinel*, the local newspaper, printed a long story which quoted the mayor and the chairman of the library trustees. The entire community became aroused. For weeks the library was more discussed than it had been for a hundred years. But the budget cuts stuck. So, too, did the sign before the building.

The next year Bray was challenged in municipal elections by Councilman George J. Bourque, an industrial caterer. Here was a man who realized a library is more than a building. He had often watched the lines of high school students pouring into the library at three in the afternoon, met the Bookmobile servicing the outskirts of the city and observed his own children using it. He believed in libraries. Because Bray had cut the budget, he was generally considered anti-library. In a hot campaign, Bourque won, 8,700 votes to 8,300.

Again, in 1961, Bourque defeated Bray for mayor, this time in a landslide. Then in 1964, the 200th anniversary of the founding of the city, George R. Wallace, whose grandfather had given the old red brick structure on Main Street in 1884, offered $500,000 to Fitchburg for a new, modern building. This, with matching funds from the new Library Services and Construction Act, seemed sufficient to construct a building adequate for the future.

The Wallace gift was accepted by the Council. Then the architect discovered that more land was essential. Only two courses were open: one, to close a street beside the present building; the other, to buy additional land on the other side of the site, for $275,000. Closing the street would cause a bad traffic problem. Nor would the Council appropriate the necessary funds to purchase the land.

ONCE more the library became a public issue. Opposition to the land purchase built up rapidly. The trustees explained that the city would have a new, million-dollar library for only $275,000, or about 25 cents on the tax rate spread over twenty years. But the majority of the Council and many citizens resisted the idea. Opponents of the loan, headed by Bray, who was a councilman, were united, and again they prevailed.

Now, time was running out. The federal grant had to be accepted within sixty days, or it would be turned over to another city. The trustees mobilized. They took advertisements in the newspaper to show how library services were used: 7,110 of 7,657 local school pupils were registered library borrowers; 19,165 persons (about half the city's population) were current card-holders; in ten years, library registrations had doubled, although the city's population had only grown 10 per cent. Another advertisement showed that under a contract with the state government, Fitchburg, the first library to become a Regional Center, was serving thirty towns and villages whose total population was 600,000. For this service, plus rental space used by the Regional Library, the state paid the city $10,000 annually.

The fight intensified. A petition with 300 names was presented to the Council by opponents of the new library. But the Friends of the Library sent out 500 letters to members explaining the need for the additional land, and asking for signatures on a petition to the council to buy it. In several weeks they had 2,600 signatures. Thirty-five companies took

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an advertisement requesting the Council to act favorably. The school superintendent, the public high school principal, and the headmaster of Central Catholic High all spoke for it. Yet Bray and three councilmen held firm.

To obtain the necessary two-thirds majority required for purchase of land, one vote on the council had to be changed. An informal meeting was held to persuade one man to shift. Finally, the petition, the advertisements, and the quiet, effective pressure of the trustees had an effect: One dissenting councilman changed, and the loan passed.

Then last summer, just before wreckers began to level the ancient building, Bray once more challenged Bourque for the office of mayor. If he won, he then could block the contracts for the new library. Wearily, the trustees started a new campaign. The chairman, in a paid advertisement, openly endorsed Bourque as a friend of the Library. The League of Women Voters asked both men to speak on the issue. Bray opposed the loan with slogans such as: "Stay With Bray To Keep Taxes Away! There is no Santa Claus. The taxpayers will have to pay for the new Library." Bourque replied, "You and your children are entitled to proper library service. I intend to see you get it."

The contest was close and bitter, but in the end Bourque won by a few hundred votes. The new building, at last a certainty, is now rising on Main Street.

Was Fitchburg unique? Were its trustees people who enjoyed a fight? Like most of us, they hated squabbles. They were laymen who, when appointed by Bray (as all of them were) knew little about library services. None had a professional library background. But when the library, their trust, came under fire, they realized that they had to defend it. Slowly, they discovered that being a library trustee is not merely an honor; it is an obligation to the citizens to whom they must account.

There are several lessons in this battle and its outcome. One, certainly, is that if trustees fight for their library, they may lose some battles but they will win the war. Another lesson, perhaps, is that a library useful to all the people should never be afraid of political action. When the word politics becomes a dirty word, the library will soon be a mausoleum.

If the library becomes that mausoleum, with sets of Dickens and Thackeray on the shelves, and stuffed owls and chromos of our fair city in 1910 on the walls, will anyone ever use it?

Yes indeed, the library will be used. That dignified old lady with the gloves on will continue to patronize it faithfully. She will drop in often to chat with her friends, and take time to pick out a really good detective story. And at her death, she will remember the library in her will with a bequest of $25.

A new swimming pool for the kids? A ball park for the Little League? A new football stadium? By all means. But a million dollars for books? Outrageous! Or is it?

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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Screen Writers

Continued from page 53

tion. A writer on assignment is an employee, but an employee who changes his job a dozen times a year. Hence, he has little sense of loyalty to any studio or any producer, and less chance of making enduring business friendships.

Then there is the problem of living in a community where everything oozes money. In all walks of life people want all the money they can get, even though it is demonstrable that a group of rich people are no happier than a group of moderately rich. In Hollywood, the desire for money is carried to the extreme. Money is Hollywood's life blood, its only standard, its status symbol, the only desideratum.

Everyone talks of money. If a writer is out of work and broke each of his acquaintances knows it. When a writer is working, his acquaintances know about how much he is getting. A producer boasted to me that he could know within 10 per cent how much money any individual made. He said, "Tell me what a man does in the industry, and where he has last worked, and after a couple of telephone calls I can tell you his income."

In Hollywood, friends are in the approximately same financial bracket. A poorly paid writer (except in the case of long years of friendship) would not be seen lunching with a well-known, successful producer, director, or top writer who gets perhaps $100,000 an assignment.

On one business trip to Hollywood, I was told by a top screen writer—a woman whose fee for writing a screenplay was in six figures—that she wanted to give a dinner party for me, and was there any particular person I would like to have invited. I suggested a college classmate and close friend who was then writing TV Westerns at the Guild minimum. My hostess said she would be delighted to ask him. The next day she called me in great embarrassment. She told me that she had invited a certain motion picture star, the general manager of one of the studios, and various other well-known Hollywood characters, and that she hoped I would understand that my friend would be uncomfortable, and that she really should not invite him. My hostess had made inquiries and discovered what my friend was making. In point of fact, I was also ineligible for the dinner party on financial grounds, but as I came from New York no one knew.

Most writers in other media feel frustrated at one time or another. The feeling may be intense, but usually it is temporary. It is a feeling of frustration because the writer cannot reproduce on paper what is in his mind's eye, because a page or a chapter does not seem right. However, few writers of fiction or nonfiction or legitimate drama feel frustrated all the time, or feel frustrated because of the industry. They want to write. They continue to write even though the monetary return may be small, even though they are only partially successful.

The forty or fifty most successful Hollywood writers enjoy the occupation. In a money world they are at the top. They have prestige, at least in their own home town, Hollywood. Because of their names, their positions, their competence, they are given more freedom to write creatively than is the average writer. However, the great mass of Hollywood writers complain about the occupation, the industry, and their frustrations; their wives and their friends tell you, morning, noon, and night. Their money, whether substantial or not, is never enough in their Hollywood money world.

If the Hollywood writers are frustrated and the non-Hollywood writers are relatively happy, why do not the Hollywood writers enter one of the other writers' media? A handful, such as Irving Wallace, have become brilliant novelists. Many try, but usually they are unsuccessful. Writing for the films or TV reduces one's capacity to write good books or to publish in the top magazines.

There are many reasons. The writer for films does not have to show any great depth of characterization. The stars, with the aid of the director, do that. For the film-writer, much is plausible because one sees it happen on the screen. Motivation is less essential. A motion-picture viewer does not question whether a character would leave a room, because the viewer sees him leave. Furthermore, a film-writer rarely does intensive research work, such as is necessary for the nonfiction book and usually desirable even for the modern novel. Then again, a film-writer is dealing in a large part with other people's ideas. If he dramatizes a book, he is dealing with the novelist's idea. If he obtains a television assignment, his own idea is tailored to the concept of the TV show.

Finally, the film-writer deals with gimmicks, twists, and dialogue, occasionally just for their own sake. The successful film-writer has acquired great technical skill, great craftsmanship. He has special gifts. But when such a writer tries to be a novelist, he finds it difficult to abandon his film technique. He finds it difficult to show characters in depth, to probe motivations, to immerse himself in research dealing solely with his own ideas, to avoid the gimmicks and twists, the props of a film-writer. Most Hollywood writers have the time to write books. Many have the urge. But when they try, seldom can they shuck off the Hollywood influence.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 49

emphatic, but excessive, ". . . away from . . .")

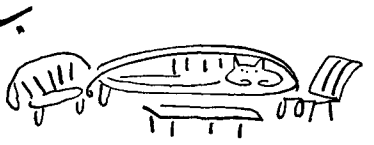
Now let's all go out there together and round up those first stones.

EUGENE E. HEBERT,
Assistant Director of Editorials,
WCBS-TV.
New York, N.Y.

Ear People v. Eye People

YOUR COMMUNICATIONS SECTION of June 11 might readily be deemed a dialogue revolving about the respective merits of the printed word as compared with the spoken testimony. Two articles provided food for thought on this matter.

The editorial, "Eye People and Ear People," offers a persuasive case on behalf of the written record a good newspaper tenders its readers as contrasted with the fleeting impression derived from broadcast sources such as radio and television. "The Tape Recorder as Historian," on the other hand, seems equally convincing when it stresses the superiority of machine-retained



interviews that carry every nuance and inflection of the speaker's voice rather than the often garbled shorthand symbols that emerge from a reporter's notebook.

There are, however, certain dubious aspects related to the process Joel Lieber outlines. He admits that the practice of erasing these tapes after their content has been transcribed to the printed page arouses "the horror of psychologists with their interest in speech slips and inflection." Perhaps this human element contributes equally as much as the factor of immediacy to the enormous popularity achieved nowadays by news broadcasts. It is one thing to read what a statesman has said concerning a controversial matter. Quite different is the effect when the listener hears such an individual actually give utterance to his opinions.

On balance, nevertheless, one can merely conclude that both sight and sound have valid roles to play in helping keep the public informed in this, the most exciting era of our world's history. In this important ongoing process, the journalist and the broadcaster ought rightly to be considered partners rather than antagonists. Clearly there is ample room for each to refine and expand his specialized skill.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Owning Your Own Weekly

AFTER READING William Keifer's "So You Want to Own a Weekly" [*SR*, May 14], one thought came to my mind: the readers won't believe it! And I'm sure Mr. Keifer had this in mind when he wrote: "The weekly business is often so difficult that it defies description."

My experience in the weekly newspaper business differs from Mr. Keifer's only in that

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I bought a "country" weekly away from any larger city, and I had a background in printing (supposed to be invaluable to the weekly publisher). I found that being young and vigorous was not enough; a journalism degree did not help; and a background in printing helped only a little. My wife and I bought the *Press* in 1954. We were, for a time, the youngest publishers in Colorado, and imbued with a great ambition, born in a college classroom, to improve the weekly newspapers of America. A few months after we bought the weekly, an old movie, *It Happens Every Thursday*, came to town (two years or so after the premiere). We went to it and were astounded to find afterward that the townspeople who saw it believed it to be a *true picture* of weekly publishing. I don't recall the storyline now; I know, however, that the truth is the opposite of that old movie; it's tougher, and you laugh to keep it from hurting so much.

I, too, believed in a strong editorial policy and ours kept things lively around two counties for seven years, drew intense reader interest, but lost advertisers. Strong editorials and courageous features did help us win nine statewide awards in seven years, but you can't eat plaques and trophies!

Recent surveys bear out what Mr. Keifer says about weekly newspaper profits. And, after seven years in the business, I know of no way to lick the economics of the business. How many hours I spent at work that did not earn me a nickel an hour! How much anxious balancing, trying to collect advertising and printing bills while trying to retain a businessman's account! How many days in "community service" which inspired the phrase "work a good horse to death"? How many weeks studying local problems, urging action, and meeting defeat or, worse yet, apathy? And, how do you measure lost friendships or friendships that never were, because *you* (not a nameless-faceless reporter) publish an unflattering story or *you* oppose some friend's ill-advised scheme?

Mr. Keifer did not mention one ingredient every weekly publisher, especially in a smaller town, needs if he wants to honestly call himself a newspaperman: the willingness to be in the midst of battle, even if you don't want to be, and even at your family's expense. You must have the type of personality that can and likes to stand aloof. And, because you, the publisher, and your family are inseparable in the minds of your readers, every enemy you make becomes also an enemy of your family, including your youngest children.

I, too, sold the weekly and am glad of it; I know that many of those still in it wish they were in my shoes. They're still there because they can't find a buyer with the capital, and their investment in money, heart-breaking work, and hard labor is too big to simply dump. And the greatest of these investments is heartbreaking work; no one has enough money to repay you for those cruelest of hours.

A. L. SCHAFER.

Arvada, Colo.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

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(Continued from page 61)

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COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

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SHERIDAN COLLEGE. Emphasizing individualized instruction. Humanities, sciences, social sciences, technical and vocational education. Degree Nursing Program. Engineering technology, medical, legal and executive secretary programs. Informal western atmosphere. Resident housing, new campus in beautiful Big Horn Mountains, winter sports. SHERIDAN COLLEGE, Sheridan, Wyoming 82801.

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PERSONALS

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RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

WANTED: one to four male sailing enthusiasts. Leave Athens for Yugoslavia September 5th, return September 20th. Reasonable. Write Box T-590.

BUDDHA LOVED THEM. Now shipping fresh Florida Mangoes. Exotic tropical fruit. Send for free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

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COME TO ZODIAC, Reincarnation, Arts school, aiding science, education, art. August 19th-27th. Lectures by Arnold Leaver, English Mining Engineer, Dr. Herman Baravalle, Ph.D., University of Vienna. See Rudolf Steiner, Encyclopedia Britannica, 1962. Details: 419 Vliet, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.

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PERSONALS

YOUR NAME-ADDRESS on 50 envelopes, 100 matching sheets, $1.00. Guaranteed. Littons, 387-SR, Collinsville, Illinois 62234.

RESOURCEFUL FEMALE to live with and care for career girl in wheelchair. Must drive. Could be subsistence job for aspiring author. Box T-645.

BOOK of old time movie ads. Send for information. R. Sweney, Box 2003, East Peoria, Illinois 61611.

NYC—SUMMER RENT FREE—office space in Grand Central area in exchange for babysitting, telephone, deliveries. 212-MU 2-7856.

POEMS by Sydney King Russell, one dollar a volume. Perils of Drinking, Love at Every Turn, Talking Dog, Where We Came In, Lend Me Your Laughter, It May Take a Lifetime, others. Brazilian Avenue, Palm Beach.

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TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD ARTIST with M.F.A. and wife with M.A. in French desire interesting work traveling or otherwise. Teaching and museum experience. Box T-625.

FM PROGRAM DIRECTOR seeks advertising, PR, customer relations or radio position. Two years in AM-FM copy, traffic, automated and manual FM. Liberal Arts B.A., speech, 1964. Box T-622.

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CHALLENGING TEACHING VACANCIES (FEMALE)—Are you discouraged with teaching because of regimentation and lack of scope for your creative talents? Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, Episcopal College-Preparatory Boarding and Day School for Girls, offers the environment and program you would enjoy. Vacancies in English, Mathematics and Physical Education. No dormitory duties, separate faculty residence. Adequate but not fantastic salary. Apply Sister in Charge. Kemper Hall, Box 310SRL, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

WANTED: Refined gentleman, preferably in forties, homeloving and from cultured family background, with some secretarial ability, who would appreciate and enjoy formal living in attractive surroundings. Position—Man-Friday to gentleman. Winters in south, summers north or abroad. Send work and family resumes and recent snapshots. Box T-544.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box S-1000 Saturday Review.

YOUNG MAN, competent stenographer, free to do some traveling with chairman of Peace Organization. NYC base. $100 weekly. Box T-624.

FREE editorial job market letter. Textbook, PR, newspaper, magazine jobs available. Birch Personnel, 67 East Madison, Chicago 60603.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL . . . small San Diego County School District needs dynamic young man who is not afraid to face the challenge of students who would rather learn than conform. Familiarity with or interest in flexible programming; computer scheduling; simulation projects are considered a prerequisite. Must qualify for California Administrators Credential. Position available July. Send resume to Henry J. Reed, Poway Unified School District, Poway, California 92064.

WANTED: Professionally trained and experienced copy editor for Christian magazine of high literary standards in midwest. Give full details, experience, in first letter. Box T-652.

WRITERS—If writing is your career and if you are ready to accept greater challenges in a professional writing field, we may have a place for you on our staff. We're looking for proven experience in professional writing, whether it be a year or ten years. Another requisite—ability to write simply, directly and imaginatively. We are in the business communication field utilizing all audio-visual media—slide film, motion pictures and live meeting presentations. The programs we prepare for our customers are in many areas—sales training, sales promotion, stimulation, public relations, new product information and similar fields. Our customers include leaders in the automotive, soft drink, appliance, petroleum and other fields. Detroit location. Box T-647.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ISRAEL. Beautiful 2 bedroom home situated on magnificent half-acre plot including cultivated orchard and vineyard. Ideally situated midway between Lydda Airport and Tel Aviv. Asking $24,500. Phone owner: 212-HI 1-6135 or 212-PL 2-5829.

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT—1773 Colonial. 9 rooms, barn. 10 acres, pond. Lovely condition. $45,000. Edward Pease, RFD #1.

HISTORIC 18th CENTURY FORMER TAVERN, restored, 8 large rooms, 5 fireplaces, Catskill foothills. Owner sale. $23,000. Brochure. Box T-13.

SUMMER COTTAGE in pleasant Maine island community. $7,000. Box T-628.

TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA. One of the most beautiful country houses we've ever had the pleasure to offer. 92 acres of pasture, woodland and farm with 700 feet of waterfront. The 200 year old Georgian brick house, high on a hill, has been restored with taste and elegance. From every window one glimpses river, lush lawns, ancient boxwood and formal gardens framed by distant forests. The outbuildings, all in perfect condition, include stables, smoke house, studio and guesthouse. A luxurious house for yachtsman, farmer or naturalist. Mrs. Connett-Gabriel, Maxey, Cobb & Nicholson, Inc., 7407 Granby Street, Norfolk, Virginia. Telephone 583-1875 and 622-9143.

NORTH TRURO, CAPE COD—Authentic 1820 modernized year-round. Ocean and bay view. 2½ acres. 10 rooms, fireplace, 2 baths. $1,500 income apartment with sundeck. $38,500. SR Box T-643.

UNIQUE HOUSEBOAT affords sought after living experiences. $6,500. P.O. Box 26, Seaford, N.Y.

RETIRING IN MEXICO? Beautiful residence, custom designed for gracious living. Large, expanding American community on Lake Chapala. Arts, Golf. Perfect climate. Near Mexico's second largest city. 3 bedrooms, 3½ baths, guesthouse, ⅓ acre garden. Mrs. Helen Hartmus, Apartado 3, Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico.

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COUNTRY HOME between Boston and Cape. 3 bedrooms, charmingly furnished. Private lake, tennis, woods. August $450. Phone 202-333-2772.

HOUSE WANTED

PROFESSOR'S FAMILY wants fully equipped oceanside cottage South Bristol, Maine, area. Sleep 7. August. Dr. Charles Lowe, 312 N.W. 23rd Street, Gainesville, Florida 32601.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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BEEKMAN PLACE AREA, NYC. 3 rooms, distinctive, complete. Couple preferred. Available September for one year. $350. Box T-627.

For Summer Rental

GREENWICH VILLAGE, NYC. Beautiful air-conditioned duplex. $500 month. Call 212-675-3287.

APARTMENTS WANTED

MANHATTAN—quiet couple with small daughter desires 2 bedroom apartment for October 1st or earlier. Can afford $200. Please call 201-567-2988.

NYU VICINITY—couple desires six to nine month sublet beginning September or October. Snider, 84 Hemingway Street, Winchester, Massachusetts.

ROOM AVAILABLE

WASHINGTON, D.C. Embassy section. Room in private townhouse, kitchenette. $60 per month. Box T-634.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE FOR WRITER. Quiet, air-conditioned, furnished midtown office, part of small Foundation suite. Complete privacy. Reasonable. Box T-589.

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VERMONT—Stowe area. T. R. Barnett, Real Estate Consultant, Stowe, Vermont. New York Office: 4 West 40th Street. 212-BR 9-0987.

NOVA SCOTIA. 1-3 acre oceanfront retreats on beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own private beach. Unusual opportunity for investment or summer home-site—not distant but different! Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia. Reference: Royal Bank of Canada, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

ADIRONDACK HOMESITES. 100' lakefront by 400' deep. Boating, fishing, hunting. Clean air and water. Established community. Box N-391.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. NORTH SHORE RIDGE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. If you want part of what remains, write Box S-399.

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HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PRESCHOOL for sale. University community, California. Box T-550.

FOR SALE: School of Music—14 years midwest area. Write Box 526, Baldwin Wallace College Union, Berea, Ohio.

MAIL ORDER AND RETAIL STORE, Books, Records, Publishing, seeking associate for expansion. $15,000 required. Write qualifications, New York Book, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

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INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey.

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VACATIONS

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TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Sylvan pleasures: mountains, trout streams; plus creature comforts: private baths, delectable food, filtered pool. 914-688-7761.

(Continued on page 64)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 63)

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

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CELEBRITIES AND PUBLIC FIGURES seeking privacy enjoy "deluxe roughing" in Provincetown's unique waterfront INN at the MEWS. Phone Nicky, 617-487-1500.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels, Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

GARDEN GABLES INN. Lenox, Massachusetts. Charming rooms. Breakfast. Extensive grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Convenient restaurants. Tanglewood 1½ miles. Taxi, bus. Folders.

LIGHTHOUSE INN. New London, Connecticut. Jewel box 52 room inn and motor lodge overlooking the sea. Private ocean beach, orchestra Saturday nights, superb food. E.P. Write for Brochure S.

LIMITED TO 50. our unique mountaintop "hideaway" in deep woods on a sparkling Berkshire lake offers just the ideal vacation retreat for business and professional people who like simplicity, unpretentiousness, unhurried vacation fun. Rustic lodge, cottages and cabins. Ideal swimming and boating, sunbathing, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, unsurpassed hiking. Fine food and outdoor concerts (Hi-Fi). CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

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HERITAGE HILL. Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

THERE'S A PLACE you'll like white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

THE YODLER—Golf, music, theater, pool, rooms, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

FOR DELIGHTFUL. TALENTED. creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E.P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

VACATIONS

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MEXICO!—ONE MONTH for only $99.00 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only three hours from Mexico City. Write for details or call: N.Y.—212-OX 5-9320; Chicago—312-DE 2-3838; L.A.—213-HO 2-6444; S.F.—415-YU 2-6671. (Transportation not included in rate.)

130 PAGE BERKSHIRE booklet has everything . . . real estate, schools, lodging, Tanglewood, antiques, great photos. $1 to Berkshire Living, Box SR, Lee, Massachusetts. (Will send free copy of Berkshire Traveller.)

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

NASSAU. BAHAMAS. THE Island resort—at off-season prices. Cable Beach Manor—charming hotel apartments with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms on private beach. Double from $70 per week. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

HILLCREST HOTEL. Chebeague Island, Cumberland, Maine, on beautiful Casco Bay. Golf, boating, fishing, white sandy beach. Brochure.

IN THE BERKSHIRES. New motel, secluded cottages, restaurant. Fales, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk-dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire.

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theater, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $70 weekly, American Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

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SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

YOUNG MAN wishes to join group visiting American Indian reservations. CONE, 435 Riverside Drive, NYC 10025.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21XW Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS 1966: We investigate the natural history of Europe, Africa and the world. Principal objective bird observation, although a full ecological picture is sought. Africa: Circuit of the continent, west, south and east, July 30th, four weeks plus optional additional time in East Africa. South America: Four consecutive three-week tours in the fall (their spring) circling the continent, including Tierra del Fuego and Amazon Valley. Also two-week North American tours: Florida January 1967; five different routes in Mexico. Series of tours in Melanesia, Australia, New Zealand, autumn 1967. Come along! We seek out back-country routes, try for an experience-in-depth of the natural scene and the people. (Not recommended if you're strong for night life.) Crowder Nature Tours, Box 1760-C, Washington, D.C. 20013.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1683

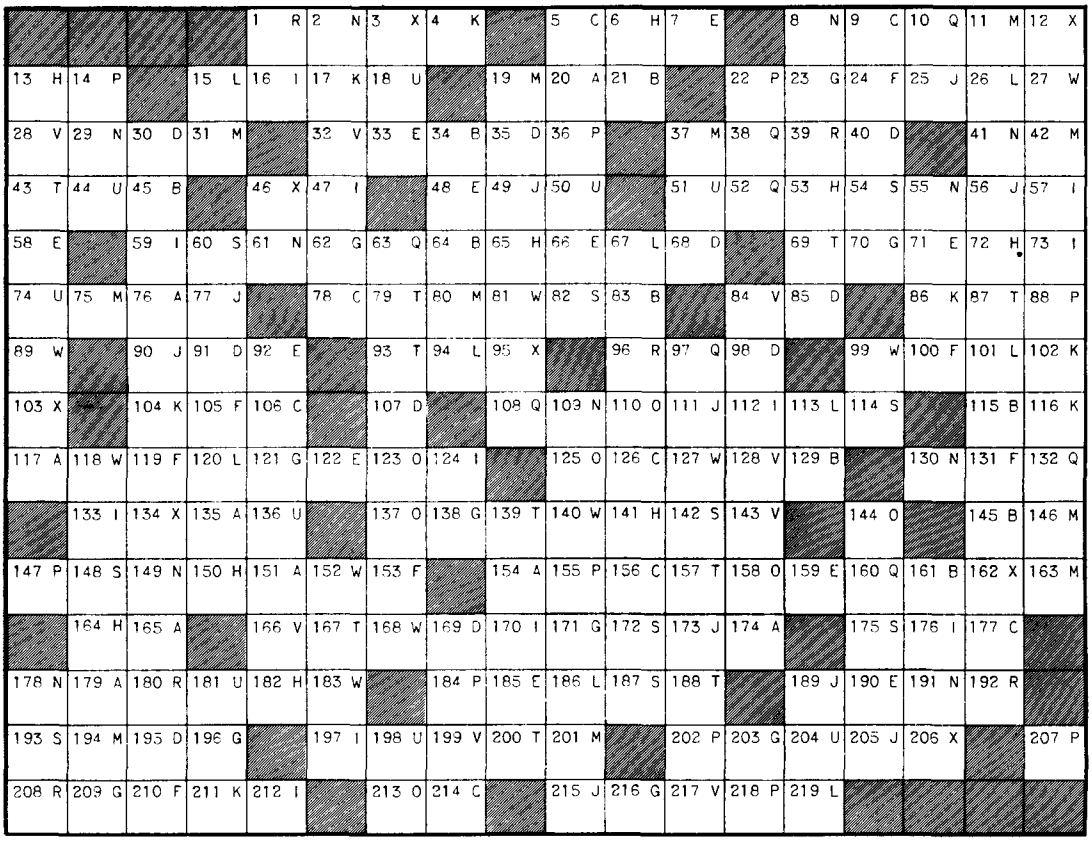
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To whatever degree or extent.	20 151 174 135 165 179 117 76 154
B. As noun, a quality ascribed by general usage; as verb, to ascribe definitely.	83 64 129 115 161 145 34 45 21
C. One of Byron's Scots, whom he treated along with *English Bards* in a long poem, 1809.	78 9 156 126 177 5 214 106
D. Make a new apportionment or distribution of.	169 40 107 35 68 30 195 91 98 85
E. Further describing the *ambitious and often quite picturesque liar* Mark Twain tells about in *Private History of a Campaign That Failed*, 1885.	66 190 58 71 92 48 185 122 33 159 7
F. Working parts of certain agricultural machines.	210 131 105 24 100 119 153
G. At the expense of the establishment at which one is entertained (3 wds.)	70 138 121 171 23 196 203 62 209 216
H. "A tale that is told."	72 182 65 141 6 164 13 53 150
I. Parasitic worms found in the intestines, collectively and not as belonging to groups.	112 47 170 176 57 197 133 59 124 73 16 212
J. Certain home tasks of the young.	77 56 49 25 189 205 90 173 215 111
K. Fastened; attached physically.	17 104 86 211 4 116 102
L. Expressing praise.	26 101 120 186 67 15 94 113 219
M. The imparting of knowledge or skill.	42 163 80 19 201 194 37 11 75 146 31
N. A supporting framework, or system of such.	130 8 2 41 178 109 191 61 29 55 149
O. One of England's outstanding recent statesmen, one of his jobs being to succeed Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty, 1915.	213 144 158 125 123 137 110
P. Hades; the lower, debased, criminal portion of humanity.	147 14 36 155 22 202 184 207 88 218
Q. Rearranged, packed in, all over again.	10 97 63 160 38 108 132 52
R. Toothsomely named leading soprano of *The Mikado* (comp.)	192 180 39 96 208 1
S. The one in charge of circus performances.	148 82 60 142 193 54 114 175 187 172
T. Surreptitious; acting in secret.	79 93 139 200 188 69 157 167 87 43
U. Filled to repletion.	44 198 18 204 74 51 136 50 181
V. A serration (2 wds.)	128 217 32 28 143 166 199 84
W. Wavering.	152 99 127 140 81 118 183 27 89 168
X. An assembly of hearers.	12 134 206 46 95 162 3 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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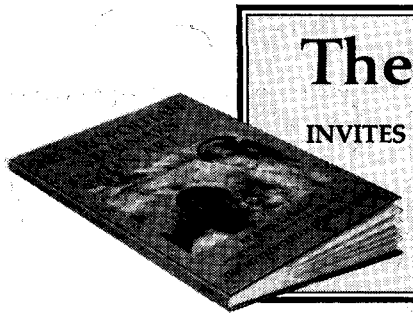
"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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